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HISTORICAL SKETCHES.



WASHINGTON'S

HEAD-QUARTERS,

NEWBURGH, N. Y.,

AND ADJACENT LOCALITIES,

BY J. J. MONELL

What 's hallowed ground? 'Tis what gives birth
To sacred thoughts in souls of worth!—
Peace! Independence! Truth! go forth
Earth's compass round,
And your high priesthood shall make earth
All hallowed ground."



NEWBURGH, N. Y.:
E. M. RUTTENBER, 101 WATER-ST.
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BY L. M. RUFFENBER.

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Introductory.

THE inquiry, on the part of many visitors at the HEAD-QUARTERS OF WASHINGTON AT NEWBURGH, for information concerning its history, has led to the publication, in the form herewith offered, of a series of articles, prepared for the local use, by a gentleman of acknowledged ability and patriotic desires. The series embraces not only an outline history of the Head-quarters building, but also of localities in its vicinity; the Head-quarters of Generals LAFAYETTE, KNOX, BEN, and others; the CAMP GROUND, the TEMPLE, WESTERN, etc., and several historical sketches.

This work is not presented as an exhaustive history, but as a epitome of the statements of more elaborate volumes. Its purpose is to cultivate, through sketches by the wayside, the memory of the struggle for National Independence, and to invest with more general and permanent interest localities prominently associated with that heroic period. No castle walls nor lofty battlements, bearing on their entablatures records of violence against the rights of man, link these localities with past ages; but, in their stead, the humble structure in which LIBERTY was cradled, the mountain peaks whereon blazed the watch-fires of the guardians of her infancy, the passes of her Thermopylae; the scenes of stratagems, of treason, of triumph, which gave to the world a New Era, bearing the inscription: "All men are created free and equal."

Several of the illustrations are, by permission, from Los-

SING'S "Field-Book of the Revolution," published by the MESSRS. HARPER, and IRVING'S "Life of Washington," published by the MESSRS. PUTNAM,—works of the highest standard. Others have been specially prepared, or selected from local histories at the publisher's command. For the current statements of history no special acknowledgment is necessary. Hitherto unpublished facts are on authorities quoted.

With this explanation of the design of the work and the mode of its preparation, it is submitted to the public, in the hope that the subjects presented will receive that appreciation of which they are worthy, and awaken an increased interest in our local history.

THE PUBLISHER.

NEWBURGH, N. Y., 1872.



Washington's Head-quarters.

THE building now so generally known as WASHINGTON'S HEAD-QUARTERS AT NEWBURGH, is situated in the south-east part of the city. It is constructed of rough stone; is one story high, and fifty-six feet front by forty-six feet in depth. The south-east corner, more particularly shown by the walls and timbers of the roof in the attic, was probably built by HERMAN SCHONEMAN, a native of the Palatinate of Germany, to whom the lot or farm on which it was originally situated was patented (1747), and who sold to ALEXANDER COLDEN and BURGER MEYNDERS. The latter conveyed to JONATHAN HASBROUCK, in 1753, who erected the north-east corner in 1760. The west half of the house was added by HASBROUCK in 1770, and one roof thrown over the whole. The date of the first and of the last addition are cut upon stones in the walls.

JONATHAN HASBROUCK, from whom the building takes the name of "THE HASBROUCK HOUSE," was the grand-son of ABRAHAM HASBROUCK, one of the Huguenot founders of New Paltz. He was colonel of the militia of the district, was in frequent service in guarding the passes of the Highlands, and was in command of his regiment at the taking of Forts Montgomery and Clinton by the English in 1777. He died in 1780, before WASHINGTON occupied the house.

The first town-meeting for the Precinct of Newburgh was held here on the first Tuesday of April, 1763, when its owner was elected Supervisor. Public meetings continued to be held here for several years. During the early period of the Revolution, the Committee of Safety of the Precinct assembled here; here military companies were organized, and here LAFAYETTE, KNOX, STEUBEN, CLINTON, GREENE, GATES, HAMILTON,

and WAYNE, were in daily communication with their Commander-in-chief, and here the latter wrote his circular letter, addressed to the Governors of all the States, on disbanding the army—his last communication with those functionaries.

From this brief outline, it will be seen that the building is singularly associated with the history of the Old as well as of the New World: with the former, through its founder, recalling the religious wars which devastated the Palatinate and sent its inhabitants, fugitive and penniless, to other parts of Europe and America; through his successor, with the Huguenots of France—a baptism which especially fitted it for association with the struggle for LIBERTY, and gave to its occupation by WASHINGTON a peculiar fitness. It is the latter, however, that this sketch is particularly designed to commemorate.

In the spring of 1782, WASHINGTON made this building, then in the occupation of Mrs. HASBROCK and her family, his Head-quarters, and remained here until August 18th, 1783, on the morning of which day he took his departure from Newburgh, after passing along the lines of his army, drawn up around his Head-quarters, and there parting with many of his subalterns and soldiers forever. At this place he had passed through the most trying period of the Revolution: the year of inactivity on the part of Congress, of distress throughout the country, and of complaint and discontent in the army, the latter at one time bordering on revolt among officers and soldiers.

It was on the 22d day of May, 1782, at this place, that Colonel NICOLA, on behalf of himself and others, proposed that WASHINGTON should become King, for the "national advantage," a proposal that was received by WASHINGTON with "surprise and astonishment," "viewed with abhorrence," and "reprehended with severity." Thus he triumphed over the most powerful of temptations, won the noblest victory of his life, and crowned his memory with immortal honor.

Colonel NICOLA only expressed the rising feeling of the

army, which took a more alarming form during the following winter and spring. On the 10th of March, 1783, an address to the army, with an anonymous manuscript notice for a public meeting of officers on the following Tuesday, was issued. In the address, all were called upon "to suspect the man who would advise to more moderation and longer forbearance." WASHINGTON was equal to the emergency. He expressed his disapprobation of the whole proceeding, but with great wisdom, requested the field officers, with one commissioned officer from each company, to meet on the following Saturday. He attended this meeting and delivered one of the most touching and effective addresses on record. When he closed his remarks, the officers unanimously resolved, "to reject with disdain" the infamous proposition contained in the anonymous address. WASHINGTON afterwards, when speaking of the result, said: "Had this day been wanting, the world had never known the height to which human greatness is capable of attaining."

The meeting of officers was held at the New Building, or "Temple" as it was called, in New Windsor, which will be noticed more at length hereafter; but WASHINGTON's address was written at his Head-quarters. The "Newburgh Letters," to which it was a reply, were written by Major JONAS ARMSTRONG, Aid-de-camp to General GATES. At the time, they were looked upon as intended to excite revolt, but afterwards WASHINGTON became satisfied that the object of the author was to awaken Congress and the States to a sense of justice towards the suffering army.

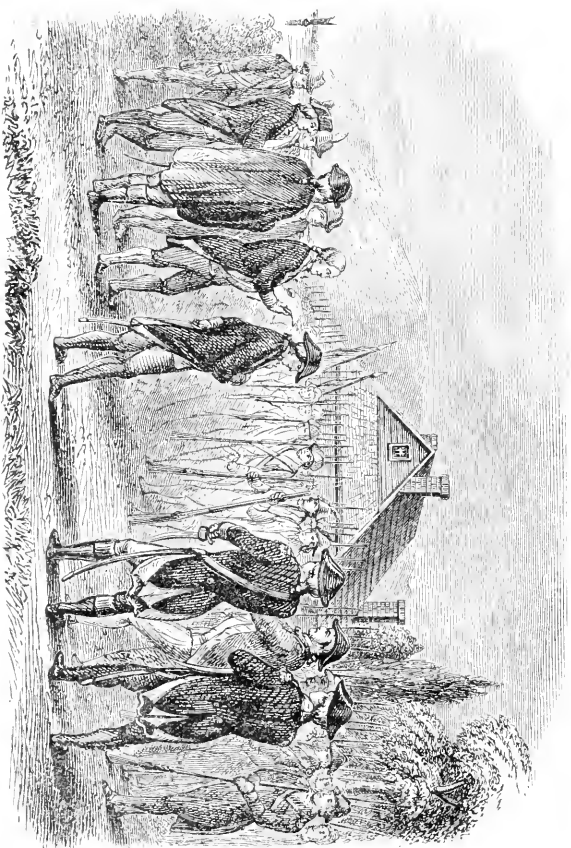
Notice of the cessation of hostilities was proclaimed to the army, April 19th, 1783. It was received with great rejoicings, and was considered as the harbinger of peace. On that evening, signal Beacon lights proclaimed the joyous news to the surrounding country. Thirteen cannon came pealing up from Fort Putnam, which were followed by a *feu-de-joie* rolling along the lines. "The mountain sides resounded and echoed like tremendous peals of thunder, and

the flashing from thousands of fire arms, in the darkness of the evening, was like unto vivid flashes of lightning from the clouds." From this time furlongs were freely granted to soldiers who wished to return to their homes, and when the army was finally disbanded those absent were discharged from service without being required to return and report themselves. This was done as a matter of precaution to prevent increased suffering on account of their great destitution and the distance which many would be compelled to travel.

On the morning of November 3d, 1783, the army was disbanded on the lawn in front of the Old House. At that time there was but a single street or road, that now on the west, and the sloping lawn and bluff stretched on the north and south, dotted with the huts and tents of the soldiers and the Life Guard, while where are now spires and dwellings and the hum of industry, primeval forests bared their leafless arms to the wintry winds. It will not be presumed that the entire army was assembled here, but only that portion encamped in the vicinity or in barracks at the landing near what is now the foot of Third street, and who had here their several parade grounds, on which—that at Head-quarters being in the front—on that day, for the last time,

"IN THEIR RAGGED REGIMENTALS
STOOD THE OLD CONTINENTALS."

The proclamation of Congress and the farewell Orders of Washington were read at the head of each regiment, and the last word of command given. "Painful," says THATCHER, who was present, "was the parting; no description can be adequate to the tragic exhibition. Both officers and soldiers, long unaccustomed to the affairs of private life, were turned loose upon the world. Never can the day be forgotten when friends, companions for seven years in joy and sorrow, were torn asunder, without the hope of ever meeting again, and with the prospect of a miserable subsistence in the future." Major NORM, another participant, says: "The inmates of the same tent, or hut, for seven long years, grasped each others



DISBANDING THE ARMY, November 3d, 1783.

hands in silent agony. To go, they knew not whither; all recollection of the art to thrive by civil occupation lost, or to the youthful never known. Their hard-earned military knowledge worse than useless; and with their badge of brotherhood, a mark at which to point the finger of suspicion—ignoble, vile suspicion!—to be cast out on a world long since by them forgotten. Severed from friends, and all the joys and griefs which soldiers feel! Griefs, while hope remained—when shared by numbers, almost joys! To go in silence and alone, and poor and hopeless; it was too hard! On that sad day how many hearts were wrung! I saw it all, nor will the scene be ever blurred or blotted from my view.” How tragic must have been the scenes of separation, when the scanty record of them is so touching; how great the desolation of a country that had for these heroes no welcoming homes, no hope in the future.

After the disbandment of the army, the Hasbrouck family resumed possession of the house and remained there until 1849, when the title of the property became vested in the people of the State of New York, under the foreclosure of a mortgage given to the commissioners to loan certain moneys of the United States. For many years it was called “the old Hasbrouck house,” but the memory of WASHINGTON, and of the events which clustered around it during his residence here, ever brightening as time advanced, caused this name gradually to fade away before the undying one by which it is now known.

By an act of the Legislature, passed April 10, 1850, the property was placed in the care of the Board of Trustees of the then Village of Newburgh, to be preserved as nearly as possible as it was at the time of its occupation by WASHINGTON, and to erect a flag-staff from which should be unfolded the United States flag upon which should be inscribed: “*Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable.*”

The interior of the building had been modernized in some respects, but the Trustees of Newburgh, true to their trust,

appointed a committee, of which the late ENOCH CARTER was chairman, and by them every part of the building was carefully restored to the condition it was in at the time of its occupation by WASHINGTON. This being done, and the flag-staff erected, on the 4th of July, 1850, the place was formally dedicated, with appropriate ceremonies, on the green in front of the building. There was a civic and military procession and a large concourse of people from the surrounding country. A fervent prayer was offered by the late Rev. JOHN JOHNSTON. The dedicatory address was delivered by Hon. JOHN J. MONELL, and the following Ode, written by Mrs. MARY E. MONELL, was sung by a choir:

Free men, pause! this ground is holy;
 Noble spirits suffered here;
 Tardy justice, marching slowly,
 Tried their faith from year to year —
 Yet their patience
 Conquered every doubt and fear.

Sacred is this mansion hoary;
 'Neath its roof-tree years ago,
 Dwelt the father of our glory,
 He whose name appalled the foe,
 Greater honor
 Home nor hearth can never know.

Unto him and them are owing
 Peace as stable as our hills;
 Plenty, like yon river flowing
 To the sea from thousand rills;
 Love of country,
 Love that every bosom thrills.

Brothers! to your care is given,
 Safe to keep this hallowed spot;
 Though our warriors rest in heaven,
 And these places know them not,
 See ye to it
 That their deeds be ne'er forgot.

With a prayer your faith expressing,
 Raise your country's flag on high;
 Here, where rests a nation's blessing,
 Stars and stripes shall float for aye!
 Mutely telling
 Stirring tales of days gone by.

While the last stanza was given, Major-General WINFIELD Scott raised the American flag upon the flag-staff. The Declaration of Independence was then read by FREDERICK J. BETTS, Esq., and an oration delivered by the Hon. JOHN W. EDMONDS. This venerable relic and these holy grounds were thus set apart and consecrated, to be forever kept to awaken sacred and patriotic memories.

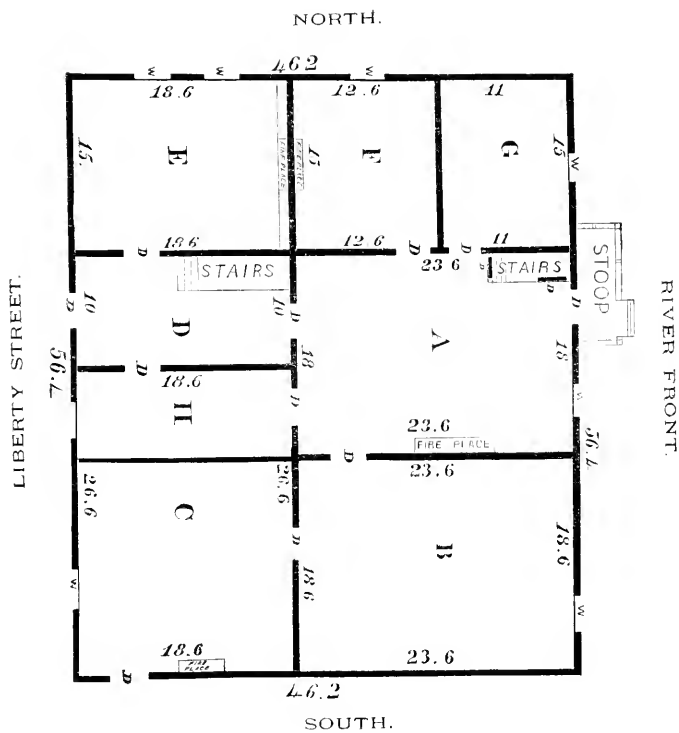
Since the dedication, the grounds surrounding the house have been improved by the city, and by the voluntary contribution of trees on the part of residents in the vicinity. The State has recently added, by purchase, the lot on the south, which was originally part of the property. For the collection of relics, the public are mainly indebted to the late EXOCH CARRER, although many of the articles have been added by private parties.



Washington's Family.

WASHINGTON'S family, while he occupied this building, consisted of himself, his wife, and his Aid-de-camp, General ALEXANDER HAMILTON; the wife of the latter was an occasional member of the family. The large room, which is entered from the piazza on the east, known as "the room with seven doors and one window," was used as the dining and sitting room. It is without ceiling, and is spanned by heavy smoothly hewn oak timbers. On the south side of the room is the fire-place, with its wide-open chimney, suggestive of huge back-logs and massive fires. The old single window still gives light on the east; the seven ancient doors afford the means of ingress and egress. On the north was WASHINGTON'S bed-room, and adjoining it, that occupied by HAMILTON when his wife was with him—at other times his room was up-stairs. The family room was on the south. It is now used to preserve and exhibit relics from the battle-fields of the Revolution, with some from the war of 1812, and also from the Mexican war. It is the oldest part of the building. The parlor was the north-west room; the kitchen, the south-west room. Between the latter and the former are a store-room, hall and stair-case. In its day the house was regarded as of the better class of farmer's residences. In its preservation we have in striking contrast the architecture of past and present times.

As the war was drawing to its close, it became evident that WASHINGTON would be called, by common consent, to the head of the government soon to be established. He therefore brought General HAMILTON, who had distinguished him-



A.—Sitting Room.
 B.—Family Room.
 C.—Kitchen.
 D.—Hall.

E.—Washington's Parlor.
 F.—Hamilton's Bed-Room.
 G.—Washington's Bed-Room.
 H.—Store Room.

self at Yorktown, and who was acknowledged to be the ablest and most accomplished statesman of the country, into close and immediate personal relations. Indeed, so intimate were their relations that IRVING, on the authority of Mrs. HAMILTON, says that WASHINGTON, "now and then, spoke of him by the cherishing appellation of 'my boy'." He afterwards became Secretary of the Treasury, and brought the nation out of its financial difficulties. He wrote the Farewell Address of WASHINGTON, and the manuscript in his handwriting is still preserved. WASHINGTON was aware of HAMILTON's influence, and counteracted the rising jealousy of the radical democrats by calling their leader, THOMAS JEFFERSON, into his cabinet as Secretary of State. The two secretaries represented the extreme opinions of the great parties into which the country was then and subsequently divided. WASHINGTON stood between them, and by appeals to their patriotism, harmonized their action so as to promote the public good. The Government, when organized, was neither entirely democratic, nor federal, nor republican. It was federal in its relations, republican in its character, and derived its life-blood from the democratic element. It fitly represents the life and character of WASHINGTON, and stands, like him, alone among the nations of the world.

Mrs. WASHINGTON was a woman of medium size and portly person, of great dignity of manners, pleasing and affable and full of benevolence and charity. When her husband went into winter quarters, he sent an escort to accompany her from Mount Vernon. She usually traveled in a plain chariot, accompanied by postillions in white and scarlet liveries, and attracted no little attention as she passed through the country. When at New Windsor and Newburgh, in accordance with her regular practice, she sought out the poor that she might relieve them, and cultivated the acquaintance of her neighbors. She was fond of gardening, of raising plants and flowers by her own care and labor. Her garden was on the east side of the house, and the red

tile or brick, which formed the sides of the walks, remained for many years as she left them. If report be true, on one occasion at least, she exercised the privilege of her sex, in giving a curtain lecture to her husband. The General had perhaps staid out too late when visiting Mrs. Knox, who was often his partner in the dance, or it may have been after a ball at her house, which he opened with MARIA COLDEX, one of the belles of the neighborhood; on one of these occasions, or at some other time, she was overheard, by a person sleeping in the adjoining room, calling the General to account. When she had entirely finished, his only response was, "Go to sleep, my dear!"

The habits of the household, with regard to their meals, were much after the English manner of living. Breakfast was informal; after which all the members of the family followed their own inclinations, or filled such engagements as they might have, till the dinner hour, being present at lunch or not, as they choose. WASHINGTON always wanted Indian cakes for breakfast, after the Virginia fashion. He usually mounted his horse, soon after breakfast, expecting to meet his officers during the morning. "He broke his own horse, was a bold and excellent rider, leaping the highest fences, and going extremely quick without standing upon his stirrups, bearing on his bridle, or letting his horse run wild."

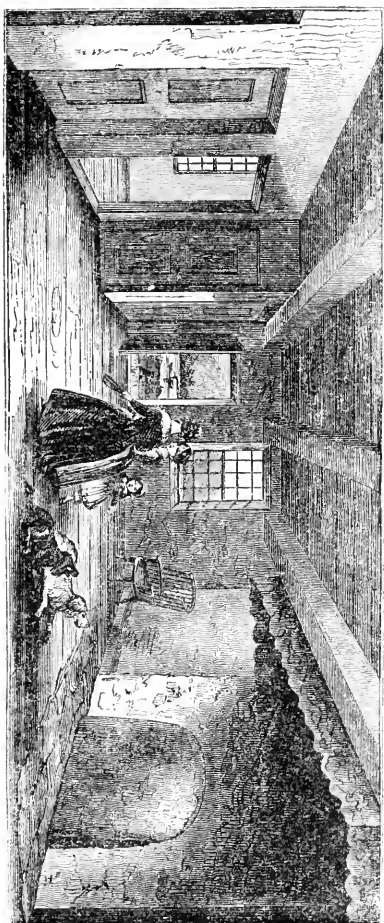
Dinner was a formal meal at which all were expected to be promptly present in appropriate costume. It was usually served at five o'clock, WASHINGTON always appearing in a blue coat with brass buttons. Five minutes were allowed for the variation of clocks, and then the dinner commenced whether the family and guests were present or absent. He is said always to have asked a blessing, in a standing posture, unless the Chaplain was present, who, in such case, was requested to perform the service, and also to return thanks. Three or more officers in order were regular guests by invitation. When HAMMOND was present, he did the honors of

the table, and when he was absent some other Aid-de-camp took his place. "HAMILTON," writes Grayson, "always acquitted himself, at the head of the table, with an ease, propriety and vivacity which gave one the most favorable impression of his talents and accomplishments." The General and Mrs. WASHINGTON occupied adjacent seats at HAMILTON's right. There were generally three courses; the first consisted of meats and vegetables, then pastry, and last, walnuts and apples. There was an abundance of Madeira and Claret, and sometimes other French wines, drank with toasts and sentiments, to enliven or check the conversation as might be necessary, but no one was ever pressed to drink. The dinner lasted about two hours, and the first toasts drank were ceremonious ones. After dinner the table, which was long, was made round, and tea and coffee were served by Mrs. WASHINGTON, she always presiding at this part of the entertainment with her accustomed dignity, her set of silver, which she carried with her, always brightly polished, being brought into daily requisition. A supper table was spread at nine o'clock, which lasted till eleven. It was composed of three or four light dishes with fruit and walnuts. The cloth being removed, toasts and sentiments were given over a glass of wine, without order or ceremony, each guest being called upon in turn. The Marquis de CHASTELLUX, a member of the French Academy, who came out as a Major-General with Count de ROCHAMBEAU, was the guest of WASHINGTON for some days on two occasions; one, while he was at Newburgh. In his travels, published in 1787, he speaks in the most enthusiastic terms of the entertainments given him, which, he says, were free and agreeable, "General WASHINGTON *toasting* and conversing all the time, * * the nuts are served half open, and the company are never done picking and eating them."

Gulian C. Verplanck, in an eloquent and patriotic article, written by him for the New York Mirror of 1834, relates the following anecdote, told him by Colonel Nicholas Fish, father

of Hon. Hamilton Fish: "The distinguished Secretary of Legation from France to this country, during the Revolution, *MABOIS*, was the guest of *WASHINGTON* at Newburgh, and was very much impressed with the hospitality of his host, and of his quarters. More than half a century afterwards he gave a dinner, at his own magnificently furnished house in Paris, to which *LAFAYETTE*, then an old man, was invited to meet the American Minister, with several of his countrymen. The dinner was served in Parisian style, and everything was in excellent taste, so as to excite the admiration of the party. The repast being over and the evening far spent in agreeable and joyous conversation, the guests were invited in to supper, and were introduced into a room which contrasted strangely with the elegantly furnished apartments they had just left. There was a large open fire-place, and plain oaken floors; the ceiling was supported with large beams and whitewashed; there were several small-sized doors and only one window with heavy sash and small panes of glass. The furniture was plain and unlike any then in use. Down the centre of the room was an oaken table covered with dishes of meat and vegetables, decanters and bottles of wine, and silver mugs and small wine glasses. The whole had something the appearance of a Dutch kitchen. While the guests were looking around in surprise at this strange procedure, the host, addressing himself to them, said, "Do you know where we now are?" *LAFAYETTE* looked around, and as if awakening from a dream, exclaimed, "Ah! the seven doors and one window, and the silver camp goblets such as the marshals of France used in my youth. We are at Washington's Head-quarters on the Hudson fifty years ago."

✓ The following anecdote, which has, ever since it happened, been related in the neighborhood, shows the infinite tact of *WASHINGTON*: "An officer to whom he was strongly attached, was dangerously ill, and he ordered him to be brought to the Head-quarters, that he might receive the careful nursing he required. One of the *Aid-de-camps* with other young



THE ROOM WITH SEVEN DOORS AND ONE WINDOW



officers, returned late in the evening, from a party in the country, probably at the Colbex mansion, as they sometimes visited there, and while they were sitting around the old fire-place with nuts, wine and apples, they became rather noisy. WASHINGTON, who was still in his study, stepped out, and after conversing with them for a few moments, related to them the dangerous situation of the sick officer, and returned. They were quiet for a while, but soon became more boisterous than ever. In the midst of their merriment, the door of WASHINGTON'S study opened slowly and noiselessly, and he appeared walking on tip-toe, holding a candle in his hand, and passed through the room into the kitchen, on the opposite side. He soon returned, and went into his room, with noiseless tread. The disturbance ceased and the party soon dispersed."

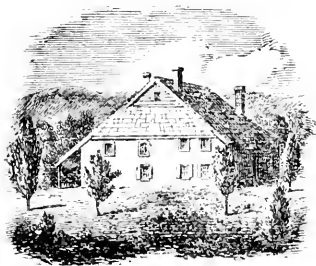
These same young officers sometimes went out among the Dutch settlers on the Wallkill, and even as far north as Old Paltz, to attend quilting parties, apple peelings and spinning bees. On one occasion they received some heads of flax which they were expected to have spun by some lady friends who, in return, they took to the frolic with the hank of thread. These officers, with their blue coats, and brass buttons on which was the impression of an eagle, were always great favorites with the girls, and objects of jealousy to their country beaux. The dancing was on the clean oak floor of the kitchen. In the corner of the large old-fashioned chimney fire-place sat a negro with a violin, who played for the dancers and called out the figures. At the close of each dance he passed around his hat for pennies and sixpences. The gaieties were always ended with a Virginia reel, after which the young men went home with the girls and generally stayed till morning. The fiddler had the privilege of calling out the head couple, a place for which there would otherwise be a great rush. With a twinkle in his eye, he would name those who had been marked in their attentions to each other during the evening, or if any one had dropped

an extra *flip* in the hat, *he* was sure to be favored. This evening, as the story goes, when all were waiting anxiously for the commencement of the "break down," the darkey, after tuning his fiddle, called out the head couple thus:

"The man with a *goosie* on his button,
The man with a *goosie* on his button,
Dance to the gal with a hole in her stocking,
Dance to the gal with a hole in her stocking."

Amid shouts of merriment, the officer with his gilt eagles, and the unfortunate *gal*, were sent to the head; but ever afterwards, whenever any of the young officers came into those parties, the boys would say: "There comes the man with a goosie on his button, to see the gal with a hole in her stocking."

Additional incidents illustrating the customs of the times, and especially the habits of WASHINGTON and his family, might be given, but those quoted are sufficient to show that while the interests of his country received the most earnest attention of WASHINGTON, his family circle was made attractive by the highest type of hospitality.



Washington at New Windsor.

THE reader has been invited to visit WASHINGTON'S HEAD-QUARTERS at Newburgh, and surrounding localities of historic interest. The drives embracing in their circuit the latter are numerous and inviting. Taking the old King's highway, now Liberty street, we pass south to the Newburgh and New Windsor turnpike and skirt the river bank, or reach our destination by the way of Quassaick avenue and avoid the railroad and the coal works. Once on the way we pass through the ancient village of New Windsor, which boasts the possession of the birth-place, or at least the early home, of DEWEIT CLINTON. The house stands on the right near the foot of the hill. The father of the hero of the place, afterwards General JAMES CLINTON, was, at the time of the birth of his distinguished son, resident surveyor and agent for the proprietors, who were endeavoring to found here a city. Their work may be traced in the remaining streets, but has its principal existence on old maps of record.

On the brow of the hill, on the east side of the road, stood the old William Ellison house, celebrated as WASHINGTON'S HEAD-QUARTERS AT NEW WINDSOR. The building was taken down some years ago, but a well-executed oil painting of it is preserved in the Ellison family. The old dock in the river below, with its store-house, was for a long time the seat of the commerce of the district. Military stores for the army were landed and kept there. In the old smoke-house still standing Ellison deposited his plate, when the British expedition passed up the river in 1777. Treasure was also buried in the soil at different times. Near where the old house

stood, Mr. Corwin, the present owner, recently exhumed a jug of curious form, in which were found six hundred and fifty Spanish and Mexican dollars. They were no doubt placed there by some officer of the army.

WASHINGTON came to this place in June, 1779, and again in 1780, where he remained till the summer of 1781. During his stay here he was invited to dine with Colonel Ettrick, who lived in a grove on the north side of Quassaick creek, on the grounds now occupied by the coal company's office. He had not taken any part in the war, but his feelings were with the mother country. His daughter, on the other hand, was strongly enlisted in favor of the colonies. She had overheard a conversation of some tories with her father, in which it was proposed to carry off WASHINGTON as a prisoner. Soon after this her father invited him to dine, and she suspecting that the plan was then to be consummated, went to WASHINGTON and revealed her apprehensions. WASHINGTON accepted the invitation, but before he left for the entertainment he ordered a detachment of his Life Guard, dressed in English uniform, to watch the house and make their appearance early in the evening. As they approached, Ettrick, taking them for tory troops, said to his guest, "General, I believe you are my prisoner." WASHINGTON cast his eye over the Guard, and replied, "I believe not, sir; but you are mine." Ettrick, after having been kept a prisoner for a short time, was, at the intercession of his daughter, permitted to leave the country. He settled in Nova Scotia.

It was while WASHINGTON was here that the American novelist represents him, under the name of Harper, as having crossed the Hudson at night to visit Harvey Birch in his cabin in the mountain south of Fishkill village. The object of his visit was to plan for the escape of young Wharton, who had been tried and condemned as a spy, and who was to be hung the next day. WASHINGTON knew, in a way he could not reveal, that Wharton had come within our lines to see a sick father and two loving sisters, and not to gain

information for the enemy, and he therefore contrived his escape in the way so humorously and thrillingly delineated by Cooper.

The leading event in the army, during this period, was the revolt of the Pennsylvania troops, under WAYNE, in camp at Morristown, New Jersey. The troops complained that they were held beyond their time of enlistment without pay, and demanded that Congress should redress their wrongs. The kindly and wise counsels of WASHINGTON and WAYNE, who knew that their patriotism was not to be questioned, and that their complaints were well founded, prevailed and they returned to duty. Scarcely had this revolt been suppressed, before the New Jersey troops at Pompton, refused to obey their officers. The affair did not terminate so pleasantly as at Morristown. The camp was surrounded and the malcontents ordered to surrender at five minutes' notice. They obeyed when the summons was repeated, and gave themselves up unarmed. Three of the leaders were condemned to death, and two of them were shot by twelve of their confederates, the third having been pardoned at the last moment. The remainder of the troops returned to duty, thankful that their lives had been spared, and were afterwards among the most faithful in the service.

While these events were transpiring, the details of the campaign of 1781 were arranged by WASHINGTON. The French gave us men, Holland loaned us money; the troops were paid and clothed, and at Yorktown, in October, the banner of the infant republic was planted forever among those of the nations of the earth.

Plum Point, Idlewild, etc.

A SHORT distance below the Ellison house, PLUM POINT, or Promontory Lawn, as Willis called it, is approached over a natural causeway, while IDLEWILD, a Highland eyrie, is reached by a winding road along the side of a deep ravine, where Funny Child plays over the rocks with its sparkling waters, until it is wooed to rest with the dashing stream to which he also gave the name of Moodna. We shall have something to say in regard to this stream and its name in another chapter. In Idlewild we have the home of a poet who has left the impress of his genius on the surrounding country. His descriptions of its beautiful scenery and the poetic appellations which he applied to its mountain, streams



Remains of Battery.

and glens, will cause his name to be forever associated with them as intimately as that of Wordsworth with the scenery of the lakes of England.

On Plum Point, in the early part of the war, was erected a battery of fourteen guns, designed to assist in maintaining the obstructions to the navigation of the river which, at this point, consisted of a *chevaux-de-frise* stretch-

ing across to Pallopel's island, which is seen through the opening in the trees. The battery was maintained during the

war, for the purpose originally designed and for the protection of the works in the vicinity. It was known, in official Orders, as "Captain Machin's Battery at New Windsor." Outlines of its embrasures may yet be seen.

In the vicinity of the battery are the remains of the cellar of the first dwelling house which was erected north of the Highlands in the present county of Orange. Its owner was Colonel PATRICK MACGREGORIE, a Scottish gentleman of fortune, who, after serving with distinction in the English army in France under Charles II., returned to his native land to find it torn by the religious dissensions of 1681-2. One of the results of those dissensions was the emigration to America of a considerable number of Presbyterians, and among others of a company of twenty-four persons of whom he was the chosen leader. With this company he settled here in 1686, and erected the dwelling spoken of. His brother-in-law, DAVID TOSHACK, who boasted the title of "Laird of Minivard," opened a store on the south side of the creek, and had a large trade with the Indians. MACGREGORIE, meanwhile, held several official trusts under the government, and at one time was taken prisoner by the French and taken to Canada. He subsequently took part in the Leisler revolution in New York, and was killed. The story of his life and adventures would make an interesting volume. Toshack died and was buried here, and so did other members of the original company, and ultimately the settlement was lost in the shadows of history. All that now remains to mark it is this old excavation.

As we leave Plum Point and pass into the valley of the Moodna, the inner promontory on the left, south of the mouth of the creek, bears the name of *Stoor Hna*, a name which Willis has permitted to survive. Its extended ridge forms the west side of Idlewild ravine. Previously, and at the time of the Revolution, there was a dock and a store-house at the foot of the hill, near the bridge, to which sloops came at high tide. There is a tradition that, before the settlement

of the country, a sloop came up the river, laden with rum and trinkets of various kinds, to trade with the Indians; that it ran aground at the mouth of the creek, where the Indians attacked and murdered the crew, and that the hill bears its name in commemoration of the event. We do not like to question traditions that "take the form of history," but in this instance we venture to suggest that the hill was given the name it bears from the fact that at its base was the haven or harbor for sloops. The Dutch kept pretty accurate record of murders by the Indians, and so important an occurrence as that stated in the tradition would hardly have escaped notice.

At this point the roads diverge; that on the left leads to Idlewild and Canterbury, and that on the right to localities in which we have more immediate interest.



Lafayette's Head-quarters.

THE Head-quarters of WASHINGTON being established at Newburgh, and the principal part of the troops of the line encamped in the vicinity, necessarily brought together the leading officers of the army, who established their several Head-quarters in farm-houses in proximity to the camps of their commands. A portion of them, however, occupied the "officer's barracks," as they were called, near the camp ground at New Windsor. Passing over the spur of Sloop Hill, we enter the little village of Moodna, shut in among the hills and still fragrant with the memory of "Mrs. Miller's Rose-leaf Tobacco and Snuff," from which a large fortune was made by the rose-beds and factory here. Just beyond the paper mills of Erastus Ide & Co., and forming a part of that property, stands the building known as LAFAYETTE'S HEAD-QUARTERS. Since its occupation by LAFAYETTE it has suffered very little change, the old stairways and quaintly carved mantels being retained, though showing the wear of time. The vault in the cellar, wherein it is said the money obtained under what is known as the "Dutch loan," was deposited, is in good condition, although in these days of adroit burglars it would prove anything but safe. The house is now occupied by tenant families, but is nevertheless accessible to the curious. The valley in which it is situated has an Arcadian quiet in its atmosphere and a rare picturesqueness from the ancient pines which guard its approaches on the east. It has a history too, from other causes than its association with the name of LAFAYETTE. The forges at which the chains and other obstructions to the navigation of the Hudson were made, were located here, and their debris is yet

wounded. Just beyond the LAFAYETTE house, at the foot of Forge Hill, SAMUEL BREWSTER, a Puritan, whose ancestors came over in the May Flower, had a forge with four fires and an anchory. The ore used was brought from the Forest of Dean mine on pack-horses over the mountains. The large cannon abandoned by CLINTON on his march to Kingston (now at Washington's Head-quarters), is supposed to have been cast at this forge.

LAFAYETTE's residence here was only for a short period, and without special incidents of note. It is a tradition that he kept in his hall an overflowing bowl of punch, which at that time was considered the highest evidence of hospitality. He, with the other French officers, brought over a large quantity of choice wines, and, if reports current in the neighborhood for years afterwards, be true, they did not leave their gallantry in France. He also has local reputation in another story. The Head-quarters of Generals KNOX and GREENE, a short distance further west, was his favorite visiting place. Mrs. KNOX was an accomplished woman, and often had soirees, to which persons of cultivation were invited from Newburgh, Montgomery and the surrounding country. LAFAYETTE was the life of these meetings, and while going to one of them, he found it necessary to cross the creek on the back of an Irishman, who lost his footing and dropped his burden in the water. The General was very much chagrined at the mishap, and was obliged to return home and disappoint the party. The Irishman became so detested for his blundering step that he had to leave the neighborhood.

Allied to WASHINGTON during the Revolution, and with him, as division commander, during his stay at Newburgh, was one whom this nation will ever honor and respect. LAFAYETTE stands next to WASHINGTON in the hearts of the American people. He fought with us not for honor, nor for rank, nor for wealth, nor for love of country, for he gave up all these with the luxuries of a court, to aid a cause almost hopeless. He was inspired with the love of liberty; that alone nerved

his arm, and endowed him with the sagacity of a sage. He appears to have been specially designed by Providence for the mission he filled so gloriously. He was born at Chavaniac in 1757. His family was one of the highest rank of French nobility, and he an heir of one of the richest houses in France. In the summer of 1776, when nineteen years of age, as a Captain of Dragoons, he was stationed at Metz, near Paris. While there he was invited to a dinner party given by the garrison to the Duke of Gloucester, brother of the King of England. The Duke spoke freely of American affairs, and stated as an extraordinary fact, that the remote, scattered and unprotected American settlers in a wilderness, *had solemnly declared themselves an independent people.* LAFAYETTE was an enthusiastic listener. His imagination was kindled, at once, with a burning desire to draw his sword to aid a civilized people struggling to be free, and before he left the table his resolution was fixed. How remarkable, that the brother of the King of England should have unconsciously enlisted from the French court, so powerful a champion in behalf of the Colonies, and the one of all others, as the result proved, to enlist the French nation in the contest.

LAFAYETTE went immediately to Paris to prepare for his departure. While there, news came of the evacuation of New York, of the surrender of Fort Washington and of the disastrous retreat through New Jersey. All his friends but his young bride opposed his project, and pointed to the recent calamities which had befallen our arms, as evidence of a hopeless cause. His answer was, "Then they need help all the more." Our Paris commissioners told him "that they did not possess the means nor the credit to procure a vessel for him in all the ports of France." "Then," he exclaimed, "I will provide my own," and immediately ordered a vessel to be fitted out at Bordeaux. Being under age, censured by his family, watched by British spies, and fearing a prohibition from the king, and an arrest, he sailed in his vessel unprepared, into a port in Spain. Upon entering the harbor

he encountered officers with a royal order for his return. He obeyed the summons, but soon escaped and went back to his vessel disguised as a courier, sleeping on the way upon straw in a stable. He managed to get on board his ship with eleven officers, and cleared for the West Indies, but as soon as he was outside of land he steered for the United States. After sixty days he arrived at Georgetown, South Carolina, having barely escaped from being taken by two British war vessels. He repaired to Philadelphia and offered to serve in the army as a volunteer without pay. The members of Congress, then in session, were filled with admiration of his determined spirit, and without an hour's delay, gave him the commission of Major-general. Not yet twenty years old, he was placed by the side of WASHINGTON, who, at that time had not seen him, and who considered his high appointment merely as a mark of honorable distinction. WASHINGTON, with his usual caution, so planned it that their first meeting should be at a dinner party, where he could form some judgment of the youth without his being conscious of his attention. He watched him closely, and as the party were about to separate, he had a private interview with him, in which he invited him to make his Head-quarters his home, and to regard himself as one of his family.

LAFAYETTE immediately went into active service and distinguished himself for his military skill and bravery, so much so, at the battle of Brandywine, as to awaken general enthusiasm in his favor. After two years of active service, marked with honorable scars, signalized by the thanks of Congress, the admiration of America, and the friendship of WASHINGTON, he returned to his native country. He had left in disobedience of the king's order, but on his return he was received with unbounded enthusiasm by the king, the ministry and the people. He availed himself of this feeling to obtain aid for America. Through his influence the army of ROCHAMBEAU was sent to our assistance, and a large pecuniary subsidy was obtained. This being accomplished, he

came back to his post in the American army, and there remained till the surrender of CORSWALLIS at Yorktown, one of whose redoubts he stormed at the point of the bayonet. After this event, he again, with the consent of Congress, crossed the ocean for the purpose of arousing France and Spain, with their armies and treasure, to combine in our favor and overwhelm our enemies. The enthusiasm with which he was hailed upon reaching the French coast, was only equalled by that which greeted NAPOLEON on his escape from Elba. All that he asked for was immediately granted. Sixty vessels of the line and twenty-four thousand troops, in a short time, rendezvoused at Cadiz. LAFAYETTE was then at Brest and started off with eight thousand men, who had flocked to his standard, to take the command. The British government, in the midst of this preparation, gave up the contest. LAFAYETTE sent the first news of the glorious tidings to America and soon followed for a short visit to view the young giant Republic as it arose in its might, after a seven years' struggle with the British Lion. No tongue can tell the enthusiasm with which he was received on reaching Boston. He was everywhere hailed with acclamations of joy from the people who looked upon WASHINGTON and LAFAYETTE as the saviors of their country.

In August, 1824, LAFAYETTE, upon the invitation of both houses of Congress, after an absence of forty years, revisited this country as the Nation's Guest. A deputation from the citizens of Newburgh was sent to New York to ascertain when he would arrive at their village. They were to communicate the result by Beacon lights, as in the days of the Revolution. At seven o'clock on the evening of September 13th, while thousands of eyes were upturned towards the Fishkill mountains, anxiously awaiting the preconcerted signal, a column of fire suddenly shot up from the South and also from the North Beacon, indicating that he would arrive the next day. These two pillars of fire lighted up the river and the whole surrounding country. The news was heralded

by relays of horses from town to town, and by daylight the next morning the people, old and young, male and female, from far and near, whether American born or adopted, began to pour into the village. Arches were thrown across the principal streets, decorated with flowers and evergreens, and appropriate patriotic inscriptions. Addresses of welcome were delivered on behalf of the citizens and of the Orange County Agricultural Society, and at Hiram Lodge, F. A. M., he was received as an old brother. The cavalry and infantry were all out during his stay. The ringing of bells, the firing of cannon, and thousands of greetings from the streets, from the side-walks, from all the doors and windows, and house-tops, attended his triumphal march. The eight hundred thousand welcomes which the English poet rang out upon the arrival of Alexandria, Prince Albert's bride, from Denmark, were the mere echo of those which attended LAFAYETTE everywhere, when all the people said :

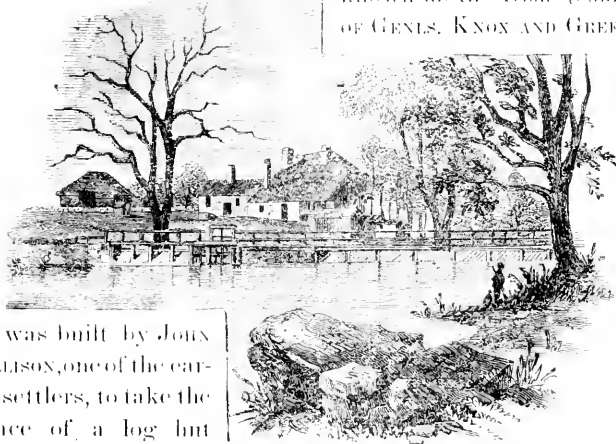
“ And let the cannon roar
The joy-stunned country o’er,
And let the steeple chime it,
A hundred thousand welcomes
And a hundred thousand more.
And let the people rhyme it
From neighbor’s door to door,
From every man’s heart’s core,
A hundred thousand welcomes,
A hundred thousand more.”



Head-quarters of Knox and Greene.

LEAVING the valley of the Moodna, we ascend Forge Hill to the table-lands of New Windsor. A short distance above, on the right, stood a building which was occupied by ROCHAMBEAU during his brief stay here, while before us, on the left, is the picturesque old stone house, with

high ceiling, wainscoting, dormer windows, heavy sash and small panes of glass, known as the HEAD-QUARTERS OF GENLS. KNOX AND GREENE.



It was built by JOHN ELLISON, one of the early settlers, to take the place of a log hut erected by him when he first came into this wilderness country (1735). The house formerly fronted the old Goshen road, which was discontinued when the present turnpike was made. The latter runs in the rear of the house and to accommodate it is turned out of a straight line. Silver creek, that rises in the hills beyond Washington Square, as

it comes down is made to expand into twin lakes (joined together under the bridge on the turnpike), reaching up to the sloping lawn of the house. From the lakes water is conducted to the wheel of one of the oldest flouring mills in the county, nestled under the trees on the edge of a deep ravine. To it the settlers came from a distance of several miles, for many years, to obtain flour and meal, or to get grain ground which they brought in bags on horseback. The stream, after leaving the mill, passes through a rocky, wild glen, by a succession of cascades, and then flows into the Moodna by the side of a wide-spreading plateau, covered with moss, soft grass and a succession of hemlock groves. This spot is entirely shut out from observation, and reminds one of the nooks over-grown with fir trees amid the Trossachs of Scotland.

"Who comes not hither, ne'er shall know
How beautiful the world below;
Nor can he guess how lightly leaps
The brook adown the rocky steeps."

The Prince of Peace, as well as the God of War, is represented in the historical associations of the place. The building standing about three hundred feet west of the house was the first Methodist Church edifice in the present county of Orange. As early as 1789, there was organized here what was called the JOHN ELLISON CLASS. In 1790-'91, Mr. ELLISON erected this building expressly for the religious services of the Class, and it continued in occupation by the pioneers of Methodism until 1807, when the edifice on the hill was erected and the Society regularly organized.

Let us now turn to its heroes of the Revolution. General Knox was born in Boston in 1750, fought as a private at Bunker Hill, was commander of artillery during the war, and afterwards Secretary of War under WASHINGTON. He was a Scotch Presbyterian, and possessed many of the stern qualities of that distinguished reformer of the same name, without his rough manner. He was a man of great urbanity, and exceedingly generous and social in his disposition.

At the time of the threatened revolt in the army, he did all in his power to allay the discontent. WASHINGTON rode to his quarters and lunched, on the morning of the 15th March, previous to the meeting of officers, and then they rode together over to the Temple. HAMILTON speaks of him as having more influence with the army than any other person except the Commander-in-chief. After WASHINGTON had finished his address in the Temple he withdrew. No sooner had he left the room than General KNOX moved and General PUTNAM seconded, a resolution tendering the thanks of the convention to "His Excellency, and assuring him that the officers reciprocated his affectionate expressions with the greatest sincerity of which the human heart is capable." This resolution was unanimously adopted; and was followed by another appointing General KNOX, Colonel BROOKS, and Captain HOWARD a committee to report resolutions. This duty was performed and the resolutions adopted by acclamation.

General KNOX was one of the originators of the Society of the Cincinnati. The original draft of the propositions is still preserved in his handwriting, but it is generally supposed that the idea was suggested by Baron STEUBEN, who was charged with it and never denied the charge. When the country became alarmed as to the objects of the Society KNOX refused to wear its badge, and fearing that his motives would be misunderstood, wished to give it up altogether.

General GREENE occupied the building with KNOX. He was born in Rhode Island in 1742, and distinguished himself during the war for his bravery, for his loyalty, and for his great amiability. He was the officer whom WASHINGTON loved. From his own means, while at this place, he supplied the soldiers with clothing and food until his estate became embarrassed. Soon after the war he went to the South, and died from a sun-stroke, on the Savannah river, but all traces of his burial place are lost.

It was the practice of the officers to meet at the Headquarters, or at the quarters of some one of the division

commanders, every day in the week. This custom had been recommended by STEUBEN as calculated to attach the officers to the Commander-in-chief. As Mrs. KNOX and Mrs. WASHINGTON were with their husbands, the meetings at their quarters were generally in the evening, when, says STEUBEN: "The time was spent over a cup of tea or coffee, with apples and hickory nuts, in their season. There were no levees or formal soirees, no dancing and playing or amusements of any kind except singing. Every lady or gentleman who could sing was called upon for a song."

On one occasion, however, Mrs. KNOX departed from the general custom and gave an entertainment. The fare was simple, but the number in attendance was large. WASHINGTON opened the dance with MARIA COLDEX, of Coldenham. GITY WYNKOOP and SALLY JANSEN, great belles in their day, from near Old Paltz, were present, and the names of this trio of beauties were inscribed with a diamond on one of the small window-panes, in the sash of the principal room, where they still remain. STEUBEN, who, fifteen years before, had won the uniform of Frederick, and who was skilled in court ceremonies, crossed the river in a small boat to be present. He had on a republican uniform, with a glittering star on his left breast won in the battles of his native land. He spoke broken English, but was much courted for his accomplishments and overflowing kindness. HAMILTON, of whom TALLEYRAND said, "I have seen in my life three great men, NAPOLEON BONAPARTE, GEORGE FOX and ALEXANDER HAMILTON," might be seen there with the young and gallant LAFAYETTE, a father and Major-general loved and trusted on two continents and not yet twenty-one. And GATES, whose northern laurels were exchanged for drooping willows in his southern campaign; and MAD ANTHONY, and all the celebrities of the camp, mingled in the merry dance, forgetting for the time the affairs of state, and the distress of the army then almost within sound of the music.

Head-quarters of Gates and St. Clair.

THE Head-quarters of Generals GATES and ST. CLAIR were at what is known as the Edmonston house, near Vail's Gate. The building is of stone and was erected in 1755. Very little is said concerning their occupation of it ; indeed, there is doubt in regard to the matter, it being traditionally asserted that the hospital stores and Head-quarters of the Medical Staff were here, and that the officers named were at the building on the opposite side of the road.

General GATES was an Englishman by birth, and was educated for the military profession. He was in command of the northern army in 1777, and the victory over BURGOYNE, at Saratoga, by the forces under his command, gave him great éclat. From that time, his personal vanity led him to aspire to the place occupied by WASHINGTON. He never, apparently, relinquished this desire, and it has been intimated that the Newburgh Letters, written as they were by his Aid-de-camp, were inspired by him with a view to entrap WASHINGTON, and thus secure his removal from the command. He was an accomplished gentleman in his manners, but did not possess a brilliant or a highly cultivated intellect. His patriotism was never questioned ; the only stain resting upon his memory is his conduct towards WASHINGTON.

General ST. CLAIR was a native of Edinburgh, in Scotland. He was born in 1734, and came to this country at the age of twenty-one years. He served under WOLFE in Canada in 1759, and, after the peace of 1763, had a command in Philadelphia. He joined the Continental army in January, 1776; was in engagements at Trenton and Princeton, and held command of Ticonderoga, which post he abandoned, in

July, 1777, on the approach of BURGOYNE. He was with GATES at Saratoga, and with GREENE in Georgia. He came to the north after the close of the southern campaign, in 1782, and, it is said, was with GATES at New Windsor during the winter of 1782-'83. After the close of the war he was sent against the western Indians, and was disastrously defeated by them.

In regard to the Head-quarters of the Medical Staff, Dr. THACHER writes, under date of April 30, 1781: "I accompanied Dr. JOHN HART to New Windsor, to pay our respects to Dr. JOHN COCHRAN, who is lately promoted to the office of director-general of the hospitals of the United States, as successor to Dr. SHIPPEN, resigned." On the 15th of December, 1782, after the army returned here, he writes: "Dined with my friends Drs. TOWNSEND, EUSTIS and ADAMS, at the hospital, in company with Generals GATES and HOWE, and their aids, Dr. COCHRAN, our Surgeon-general, and several other officers. Our entertainment was ample and elegant." Dr. THACHER was, at that time, surgeon to a Rhode Island regiment. Dr. COCHRAN was a native of Pennsylvania. He was appointed Surgeon-general of the middle department, in 1777, and promoted to the office of Director-general of the hospitals of the United States, in 1781. He is spoken of as having been "eminently distinguished as a practitioner in medicine and surgery."

Presuming that those who feel an interest in the premises will visit them at their leisure,—which they can do at any time by way of the Newburgh Branch Railroad to Vail's Gate, or by conveyance through Quassaick avenue, passing some of the finest places of New Windsor,—we tie our horses in the lane leading to the residence of Mr. William L. McGill, and pass over to the Camp Ground. And here we remark, that no record has been preserved of the quarters of several of the prominent officers of the army, while in this vicinity; but it is probable that they were in temporary buildings with their respective commands.

The Camp Ground and Temple.

NEW WINDSOR and the adjacent country were almost constantly in occupation by militia and troops of the line, from the outbreak of the war until its close. It is perhaps impossible to ascertain, at this late day, what troops were here at different times, or their precise location. During the construction of the forts in the Highlands, and of the obstructions to the navigation of the river, armed men were at all times in camp; Governor GEORGE CLINTON had his quarters and place of rendezvous here, dating his dispatches "At the Heights of New Windsor"; in the winter of 1779-'80, nine brigades were encamped here and in the vicinity, and six brigades at Fishkill, while General PUTNAM's command lay in Smith's Clove, in the present town of Monroe. When WASHINGTON's occupied the Ellison house, a considerable portion of the army was here, from which he made up (February, 1781), in part, a command for LAFAYETTE, consisting of twelve hundred men, for the Virginia campaign. Baron STERBEX writes, in April, 1782, that he had completed a review of the troops at New Windsor, adding: "The appearance of the New York line does them the greatest honor."

There were other encampments in the vicinity, nearly all the troops of the line being gathered here in the fall and winter of 1782. Local tradition affirms that at least a part of the Virginia regiments had their camp about one mile north of the village of Walden, where were also the baggage wagons, artillery, and horses, the location being more convenient for procuring subsistence; that the Pennsylvania troops were in camp in the north part of Newburgh, with

their right on Powelton brook ; that the general line of encampment stretched along the base of Muhkatoes hill to New Windsor, and that the Life Guard lay on the west side of Liberty street, opposite the Head-quarters house. Indeed, the latter may be regarded as the centre of an encampment which embraced a circuit of twenty miles, for a considerable body of troops were at Fishkill, and the forts in the Highlands were strongly garrisoned. Of the southern States Virginia and Maryland alone were represented, but the northern were all here except New Jersey, whose authorities demanded that its troops should be encamped on their own territory.

But of all the several encampments, this alone retains the impress of occupation. The plow has not up-turned the hearth-stones of its sheltering huts; its parade ground is still outlined by rude flagging; the causeway across the swamp by which it was approached from the east, is marked by a distinct verdure; its grave-yard is still mounded with hillocks—monuments of a nation's neglect. Let us hope that the latter will not always be said, but that a proud shaft will yet be reared above them, dedicated "TO THE UNKNOWN, BUT IMMORTAL."

"Twine, Gratitude, a wreath for them
More deathless than the diadem.
Who, to life's noblest end,
Gave up life's richest powers,
And bade the legacy descend
Down, down to us and ours."

In regard to the occupation of these grounds, Doctor THACHER writes, under date of October 30th, 1782: "At reveillé, on the 26th inst., the left wing of army under the command of General HEATH, decamped from Verplanck's Point and marched to the Highlands: took up our lodging in the woods, without covering, and were exposed to a heavy rain during the night and day. Thence we crossed the Hudson to West Point, and marched over the mountain called Butter Hill; passed the night in the open field,

and the next day reached the ground where we are to erect log huts for our winter quarters, near New Windsor;" and Chaplain Gaxo writes: "On my return to the army we encamped at Newburgh, and erected some huts, and a place for worship on Lord's day." Precisely what commands composed "the left wing" of the army under General HEATH, can doubtless be ascertained from official records, but the inquiry is not pertinent to our purpose. Mr. Lossing says,—not without authority, it is presumed,—that the encampment was composed of New York, New England, Maryland and Virginia troops.

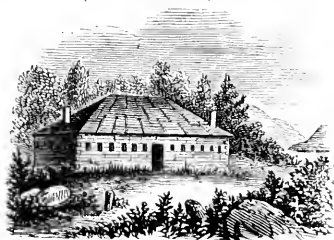
The accompanying view is from a painting by the late C. W. Tice, and is explained by Mr. Lossing as follows: "This



view is from land looking east-southeast. On the slopes seen in the foreground, and on the margin of the meadow beyond, Van Cortland's New York regiment, and the Maryland troops were encamped. On the east side of the meadow, upon the most distant elevation in the middle ground, the New England troops were stationed. On the slope towards the right of that elevation stood the Temple. The site of the causeway is marked by a light line across the flat." The grave-yard was on the elevation nearest the river almost directly east of the Temple.

The encampment was marked out by General HEATH. The huts occupied by the soldiers were built in line on the slope of the hills, with regular streets. They were 14x16 feet, with roofs and doors of split-oak slabs. They were six feet high, made tight with clay and wood rising a foot or two above the roof. The roof sloped one way and was steep enough to shed rain. One door and one window opened on the street opposite the fire-place. The subordinate officers had huts with two windows in the rear of the rank, and those of a higher grade occupied barracks near the Temple, where the bakery and hospital were also situated.

The TEMPLE, to which frequent reference has been made, was erected by General HEATH's order, for general purposes, although Mr. GAXO says it was specially designed as a place "for public worship on Lord's day." It was officially known as The Public Building, but was sometimes called The New Building, to distinguish it from some previous structure. It



was made of hewn logs, and was eighty feet long by forty wide, with barrack roof. The engraving is from a description by Major BURNET, an officer of the army and, for many years after the war, a resident of New Windsor. The tradi-

tion that it was dedicated by a carousal of so gross a nature that the title by which it was to be known, The Temple of Virtue, was changed to The Temple, may well be questioned, although it is an admitted fact that the morals of the army were not at all times above reproach. Balls were frequently held in it, at one of which WASHINGTON opened the dance with Miss BELKNAP, of Newburgh (afterwards the wife of Mr. John Warren, of Saratoga), who was justly celebrated for her beauty and her intellectual accomplishments. All public meetings of the officers were held in it, and it was also used by the Masonic fraternity, of which order "American Union

Lodge" accompanied the army under a traveling dispensation. It was in this lodge that LAFAYETTE was made a Mason.

When the cessation of hostilities was announced (April, 1783), a celebration was held here of which THACHER writes: "The proclamation was published at the door of the public building, followed by three huzzas; after which a prayer was offered to the Almighty Ruler of the world, by the Rev. Mr. GANO, and an anthem was performed by voices and instruments." General HEATH says, that after the prayer "an anthem (*Independence*, from Billings,*) was performed by vocal and instrumental music." It was a noble hymn of triumph, and was rendered by men who realized the import of its language:

"The States, O Lord, with songs of praise
Shall in Thy strength rejoice,
And, blest with Thy salvation, raise
To Heaven their cheerful voice.
To the King they shall sing: Hallelujah.
* * * * * *
And all the Continent shall sing:
Down with this earthly king—
NO KING BUT GOD!"

In the TEMPLE was also held the meeting called by WASHINGTON to consider the Newburgh Letters, of which we have already spoken. Lossing, referring to that assemblage, remarks: "This spot is consecrated by one of the loftiest exhibitions of true patriotism with which our revolutionary history abounds. Here, love of country and devotion to exalted principles, achieved a wonderful triumph over the seductive power of self and individual interest—goaded into rebellion against higher motives, by the lash of apparent injustice and personal suffering." It is indeed a hallowed spot. Other fields are celebrated by the triumph of our arms over a determined foe, amid the clash of weapons and "garments rolled in blood," but this stands pre-eminent above them all, for here our officers and soldiers conquered themselves, which is better than the taking of cities.

* The Anthem may be found in the "Singing Master's Assistant," by William Billings: 1778. We are indebted to Dr. Lowell Mason for its words.

Society of the Cincinnati.

THE TEMPLE is memorable, in addition to the facts already stated, because it was the place where the Proposals for the formation of THE SOCIETY OF THE CINCINNATI were first made, on the 10th of May, 1783, soon after the cessation of hostilities had been proclaimed. The Proposals were read in the presence of the officers, assembled for that purpose, and were amended and approved. STEUBEN was president of the meeting. A committee, of which KNOX was chairman, was appointed to revise and copy the same, to be laid before the next meeting, which was to be held at STEUBEN'S quarters, the Verplanck house at Fishkill, on Tuesday the 13th. The Proposals were signed by the president and closed: "Done at the Cantonment on Hudson river, in the year 1783." The first regular meeting of the Society was held at the same place on the 19th of June following, when STEUBEN was chosen president. The Proposals contemplated the formation of a general society which was to have branches in the several States, the latter being divided into districts. The general society was soon organized and WASMINGTON elected its first president. Its annual meetings are still held. It was named after the illustrious Roman, LUCIUS QUINTUS CINCINNATUS. Its members were to wear a gold medal, by which they were to be known.

The avowed object of the organization was to perpetuate among the officers of the army, the memory of the relations of respect and friendship which had grown up among them during the trying and momentous scenes through which they had passed, "to endure as long as they shall endure or *any of their oldest male posterity* and at the failure thereof, the

collateral branches who they may judge worthy of becoming its supporters and members." By the Declaration of Independence all men were declared *equal*, and although at the time of its adoption, the establishment of a democratic form of government was not contemplated, the war developed democratic sentiments so strongly that anything regarded as conferring hereditary power came to be looked upon by the country as a crime. The principle of hereditary succession, which had been engrafted into the Society, was vigorously assailed in every quarter. In France, MIRABEAU severely criticised the organization, in a pamphlet entitled "Thoughts on the Order of Cincinnati." WASHINGTON became alarmed at the consequences that might result, and wrote to JEFFERSON upon the subject, asking his advice as to the best measures to be adopted to arrest the progress of the growing excitement. JEFFERSON, in his answer, stated fully the objections that were made to the Society, and said that the feeling of Congress was unanimously in favor of its discontinuance. Subsequently, in writing to PHILIP MAZZEI, he calls its members apostates - "men who are Samsons in the field and Solomons in the council, but who have had their heads shorn by the woman, England."

How much of the animus of the Society sprang from those who, in the NICOLA correspondence, proposed to establish a monarchy, it is impossible to determine. WASHINGTON was not present at any of the meetings of the Society, and doubted the propriety of its organization, although he was indulgent to the motives of its founders. He attended the first general meeting in Philadelphia, in May, 1784, "to use his influence for its entire suppression," and said to JEFFERSON, whom he stopped to see, at Annapolis, that not a fibre of it ought to be left to be an eyesore to the public, a "ground of dissatisfaction and a line of separation between them and the country." He had nearly persuaded his officers to abandon it, when, as the meeting was drawing to a close, Major L'EXFANT returned from France with the badges of the

Society, for which he had been sent, and with applications from the French officers, who had served in our army, to become members. This changed the feeling entirely; it awakened all the old sentiments of friendship which existed between them and their allies, of which the Society was a tangible representative. WASHINGTON succeeded, however, in having an amendment passed doing away with the hereditary qualification, and thus allayed the rising storm against the officers of the army; but a majority of the State Societies did not approve the change, and the organization remained as it was originally formed. WASHINGTON held the presidency until his death, but did not, we believe, attend the meetings of the Society.

An account of the controversy is recorded by Mr. Sparks, and may be found in the correspondence of JEFFERSON, and in a letter from him to Mr. Van Buren in 1824. It is a singular fact that the first public act of the officers of the army should have alarmed the country for the safety of republican institutions; and it is also singular that it should leave its impress, for many subsequent years, upon the politics of the nation. As we look back upon the founding of this Society, it appears to have been, from the very opposition which it aroused, that, of all things, the most necessary to insure the establishment of republican government. By its side sprang into being, "full armed as from the head of Jove," the Tammany Society, or Columbian Order, whose members were pledged to resist the adoption of any of the aristocratic principles of the old world; and before its march, titles and hereditary distinctions shriveled up like a scroll and passed away, let us hope, forever. The latter Society had no party alliances, as we understand them now, but made them first, in 1812. We do not propose to discuss its history; we refer to it simply to illustrate the associations of the TEMPLE with the history and the politics of the country. The Society of the Cincinnati still lives, and the successors of its founders hold annual meetings; but it is a mere historic relic.

The Square—The Spy.

ALTHOUGH not in the direct line of our route, THE SQUARE, or WASHINGTON SQUARE as it is now called, may be properly introduced at this point. It is about two miles from the Camp Ground, and takes its name from the fact that it is surrounded by four roads. The old Continental road, which we are traversing, intersects the turnpike leading to it, and affords a very pleasant drive. It became well known, during the war, from being the Head-quarters of Governor GEORGE CLINTON and of his brother, General JAMES CLINTON. After the capture of the forts in the Highlands, by the English, in 1777, the men who escaped scattered themselves among the mountains and re-assembled at what is known as

the FALLS' house, which had been appointed as the place of rendezvous. The CLINTONS had a very narrow escape. The Governor was especially sought after by



his cousin, Sir HENRY CLINTON, at that time in command of the English forces in New York. General JAMES CLINTON was severely wounded in the action, but nevertheless reached his residence after a travel of sixteen miles.

The Governor remained a few days at the Falls' house, collecting the dispersed militia, and then marched through the Wallkill valley to Kingston, for the purpose of protecting

that place, but arrived too late to save it from destruction. While waiting for his men, on the 10th of October, at noon, a horseman came near the camp, where, being challenged by a sentinel, he replied, "I am a friend, and wish to see General CLINTON." He was conducted to CLINTON's quarters, where he saw his mistake, and exclaimed, "I am lost!" at the same time putting something into his mouth. He had never heard of an American general by the name of CLINTON, and supposed he had come upon the camp of Sir HENRY CLINTON, who commanded the English expedition. Doctor HIGBY, who lived near by, was sent for, and administered a powerful emetic to the prisoner, which brought up a silver bullet. He seized it and swallowed it again, and then refused to take another dose, until warned that unless he did, the bullet would be obtained by the surgeon's knife. The bullet again appeared. Lossing, who saw it, says: "It was a curiously wrought hollow sphere fastened together in the centre by a compound screw." In it was found a note from Sir HENRY CLINTON to BURGOYNE, advising him of the capture of the Highland forts, and that nothing intervened to prevent his relief, except GATES' army.

A court-martial was assembled, on the 14th,—Colonel LEWIS DUBOISE, president,—at which the prisoner, whose name was DANIEL TAYLOR, confessed that, while he was not a spy, he was a messenger to BURGOYNE; that he had been deceived by the appearance of some of our men in British uniform, and had made himself known to them. The court found him guilty, and sentenced him "to be hanged at such time and place" as CLINTON should direct. When the latter reached Hurley and saw the flames ascending from Kingston, mercy was suspended and the execution ordered. The record closes: "18 Saturday. Mr. TAYLOR, a spy taken in Little Britain, was hung here. He proved neither a political nor a gospel penitent."

The Clintons.

A FEW miles beyond the Falls' house, we reach the birth-place of Governor GEORGE and General JAMES CLINTON, the pioneer home of their father, Colonel CHARLES CLINTON, a gentleman of English lineage, but born in Ireland, whither his grand-father had fled to escape persecution at the hands of CROMWELL. The drive abounds with fine inland scenery:

"Green wave-like meadows, here, are spread;
There, woodland shades are sweetly shed;
In deepening gold, there glows the wheat,
And there the rye-field's varying sheet;
Rich honied odors here are borne
From buckwheat bloom by breezes kiss'd.
There, furrow'd ranks of tassell'd corn
Fade greenly on the summer mist."

The original homestead house is standing, although some additions, made to it at a subsequent period, have been removed; and in the family burying ground, on the hill near by, neglected and overgrown by weeds, are the remains and the monuments of the father, and of his son, General JAMES, and of other members of the family.

CHARLES CLINTON came here in 1731, built this house, and gave to his settlement the name of Little Britain. He was well educated and became a leading man in the province. He was appointed Judge of the County Court of Ulster county, which office he filled with ability, and became the most reliable surveyor in the country. He served in the French and Indian war of 1759-'63; aided in the erection of churches and schools, in opening roads, clearing lands, and in advancing the cause of civilization; and above all, gave to his sons, not only an education fitting them for any post of duty, but one on which was indelibly impressed a

lofty patriotism, a hatred of tyranny and a devotion to the cause of civil and religious liberty. Lone and forgotten though he sleeps, his life-work was well done. His name is embalmed in the memory of his illustrious descendants.

GEORGE CLINTON was educated for the legal profession. He was prominent in the discussions which culminated in the war of the revolution—no man more so; was a representative in the Provincial Congress of New York, in 1775, and was the first Governor of the state, after the declaration of independence, an office which he held for eighteen years. He was elected Vice President of the United States, with JEFFERSON as President, in 1805, and again, with MADISON, in 1809, and died, while occupying that position, in 1812. His brother, JAMES CLINTON, always shrank from political preferment, but was quite equal to GEORGE in intellect, energy and devotion to his country. At the age of twenty he served as Ensign, under his father, in the French and Indian war, and fought by his side in the taking of Fort Frontenac, now Kingston, in Canada. In 1763, he had command of the forces raised to resist the invasion of the counties of Orange and Ulster by the Indians, and when the war of the revolution broke out, he received one of the first military appointments from Congress, and soon rose to the rank of Major-general. During the war he was in charge of the northern department with his Head-quarters at Albany, and led an expedition against the Iroquois Indians, in which he distinguished himself, as an engineer, by cutting a road from the Mohawk to Lake Otsego, and in damming up the outlet of the lake, so as to float boats over the bars of the upper Susquehanna. He took part in the siege of Yorktown, and after the war, retired to his farm in Little Britain, where he resumed his occupation as a surveyor. At the urgent solicitation of his friends he became a member of Assembly, and of the convention which ratified the constitution of the United States. He was also a member of the convention of 1804, called to amend the constitution of the State. In all

these positions he showed marked ability. On the 12th of December, 1812, at the age of seventy-five years, he died where he was born, beloved by all who knew him,—a brave, accomplished and unambitious patriot and soldier.

The third generation of the family has its representative in DEWITT CLINTON, a son of General JAMES, who was, accidentally, born in the town of Deerpark, March 2d, 1769. He entered public life as the private secretary of his uncle; became, at an early age, member of Assembly and then a Senator; member of the Council of Appointment; mayor of the city of New York for several years; member of the Canal Board; Governor of the State for two terms; a candidate for President against MADISON, and invited by ADAMS to be Minister to England. The statute book is filled with acts of a public nature, originated by him, and while in the Court of Errors, he gave the leading opinions and established legal principles which have remained unchanged. He was the father of internal improvements in this State, and, taken all in all, was one of the most eminent and useful citizens this country has ever produced.

The CLINTONS, as a family, have been unsurpassed in our history. The ADAMS' only, can boast of such a long line of great and useful men.

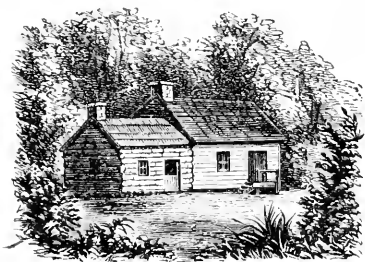


Wayne's Head-quarters.

WE may return from our visit to the Clinton homestead by the way of Coldenham, and view the home of CADWALLADER COLDEN. He was a native of Scotland; settled in New York in 1718, and removed his family to this place in 1728. The original dwelling which he erected was taken down in 1845. The one which he subsequently built, and in which he occupied until 1760, when he removed to New York, is still standing and is known as the Colden mansion. He was a physician by education; was appointed Surveyor General, and subsequently a member of the King's Council, for the Province. In 1761, he was appointed Lieutenant Governor, and, at intervals, from that time until 1771, was acting Governor. He was serving in the latter capacity when the Stamp Act was passed (1765), and took the oath to execute it. This brought him into such odium with the people of New York that "his effigy was carried through the streets and hung, his carriage burnt, and nothing but his advanced age and known probity of character as a private citizen, saved him from personal violence." He died in 1776. His son, ALEXANDER, not only took an active part in the early settlement of Newburgh, but gave to the place the name it now bears.

We pass to the north, through the upper streets of the city, and reach the residence of the late ANDREW J. DOWNING, to whose taste and counsel we owe so much of the improvement in architecture and the adornment of private residences during the past quarter of a century, and, stopping at the gateway on Broad street, stand upon the site of the building which was occupied by General WAYNE as his Head-quarters.

It was a log house with a frame addition, erected by MARTIN WEYGANT, a Palatine settler, by whom it was occupied as a public house. It was the first tavern in Newburgh. At the time WAYNE was its tenant, it was occupied by Mrs. Wool, whose son, the late General JONAS E. WOOL, was born in it. A singular



combination of historic names are represented in the associations of the place, and the beautiful gateway which now marks the site of the house, might with propriety be changed to a commemorative arch in honor of WAYNE, and WOOL, and DOWNING. The troops under WAYNE's command had their camp a short distance further north.

General WAYNE was a Pennsylvanian by birth, and one of the most distinguished officers in the service. He was with WASHINGTON, as a Brigadier-general, at Brandywine, Germantown, and Monmouth, and with GREENE and LAFAYETTE in the South. He was devotedly attached to WASHINGTON, and when asked by him if he would undertake the storming of Stony Point, replied: "Yes, General, I will storm hell, if you say so"—a rejoinder which may not have been in terms polite, but which nevertheless illustrates the character of the man. It was that successful dash at the enemy that gave him the name of MAD ANTHONY, and won for him his greatest reputation. He was a stranger to fear, and always cool, calculating and determined in battle. He died in 1796, while in command of North-west Territory, and, at his own request, was buried under the flag-staff of the fort on the shore of Lake Erie.



The Life Guard.

HAVING visited the first division of our historic circle, we close its review at the ENCAMPMENT OF WASHINGTON'S LIFE GUARD, at the point from whence we took our departure, the Head-quarters. The traces of the camp have long since disappeared; dwellings and factories cover the site whereon its tents were pitched; the last of its occupants sleeps beneath the rounds which here he paced.

There is no part of our revolutionary history in regard to which there is less certainty than that which relates to the Life Guard. Mr. Lossing gives the following as the result of his investigations: The Commander-in-chief's Guard, commonly called The Life Guard, was a distinct corps of mounted men, attached to the person of the Commander-in-chief. It was organized in 1776, soon after the siege of Boston, while the American army was encamped in the vicinity of New York. It consisted of a Major's command—one hundred and eighty men. Caleb Gibbs, of Rhode Island, was its first chief, and bore the title of Captain Commandant. His lieutenants were Henry P. Livingston, of New York, William Colfax, of New Jersey, and Benjamin Goymes, of Virginia. Gibbs held the command until 1779, when he was succeeded by Lieutenant Colfax, who remained in command of the corps until it was disbanded in 1783. The corps varied in number at different periods. When WASHINGTON was at Morristown (1779–80), it was increased to two hundred and fifty. In the spring it was reduced to the original number; and in 1783, it consisted of only sixty-four non-commissioned officers and privates. It was composed of picked men, five feet in stature, commanding in person, and

noted for military skill. In addition to these qualifications, "they were to be sober, young, active, and well made, of good character and proud of appearing clean." Their uniform consisted of blue coats with white facings, white waistcoats and breeches, black half-gaiters and cocked hats with blue and white feathers. They carried a banner upon which was painted a device of one of the Guard holding a horse, and in the act of receiving a flag from the Genius of Liberty, standing by the side of the Union shield and the American eagle. On the banner, upon a ribbon, was the motto, *Conquer or Die*.

There can be no doubt in regard to the general facts stated, although we may object to some of the details. It is very positively asserted that the Guard was not "a corps of mounted men," but organized as infantry, in proof of which the testimony of BURNET, KNAPP, and others, is cited, and also the return of its officers and members, in which drummers and fifers are entered, who could not have been particularly useful to "mounted men"—in fact are unknown to such organizations. Then, in regard to the date of the organization, we are told that, in 1777, Colonel SPOTSWOOD selected, from each regiment, four men, who could be relied upon, "to take charge of the baggage, papers, and other matters of great public import." And this is followed by the very clear statement of Baron STEUBEN, that the Guard was organized by him, at Valley Forge, in 1778. He says, speaking of his first efforts to drill our troops: "I commenced operations by drafting one hundred and twenty men from the line, which I formed into a Guard for the Commander-in-chief. I made this Guard my military school. I drilled them myself, twice a day; and, to remove that English prejudice, namely: that to drill a recruit was a sergeant's duty and beneath the station of an officer, I often took the musket myself to show the manual exercise which I wished to introduce. All my inspectors were present at each drill. We marched together, wheeled, &c., and in a fortnight my com-

pany knew perfectly how to bear arms, had a military air, knew how to march, to form in columns, deploy, and execute some little manœuvres with excellent precision."

The conclusion would seem to be, that if the Guard was organized in 1776, it was re-organized by STEUBEN, at which time COLFAX took the command. While at Newburgh, it had daily parades in the yard on the west side of the house, at which WASHINGTON was often present. It was the last body of troops that left the service, having volunteered to accompany WASHINGTON's baggage and papers to Mount Vernon, while he proceeded thither by other routes of travel. It is a remarkable fact that the last line officer of the revolutionary war, who was also the last of the original members of the Society of the Cincinnati, ROBERT BURNET, and the last of the Life Guard, UZAL KNAPP, lived and died in Little Britain. Mr. KNAPP was born in Connecticut in 1759. He was in the battle at White Plains, in the skirmish at Ridgefield, and a member of LAFAYETTE's corps of light infantry in the battle at Monmouth, June, 1778. Many of the muskets with which this corps was equipped were purchased by LAFAYETTE with his own money, and are now among the relics in the Headquarters' house. Soon after the battle of Monmouth, KNAPP was chosen a member of the Guard, and served during its temporary enlargement, when he returned to the line. He died in 1856, aged ninety-seven, and was buried with military honors, near the flag-staff at Head-quarters. The monument, which marks his resting place, was erected by one of the military companies of the city.

There were other members of the Guard who became residents in this vicinity after the war, among others Mr. JOHN PHILLIPS, who appears as sergeant in the return of 1783, and who served from the time of the organization by STEUBEN. He was the father of Robert Phillips. ROBERT GIBSON was also a member, and is said to have been the last of the original Guard. He died in Cornwall sometime about the year 1852.

Fishkill during the Revolution.

THE second division of our tour embraces the ancient town of Fishkill, which, during the revolution, was in occupation by State and Continental troops. The village of Fishkill was then the largest and most important place in Dutchess county. Being favorably situated for communication with the eastern States, and guarded on the south by the Highlands, it was selected by the Provincial Convention,—as the legislature of the State was called,—then in session at White Plains (Aug. 28, 1776), as the place to which should be removed the treasury and archives of the State, and as the place for holding the subsequent sessions of that body. Almost immediately following (Oct. 14), it was resolved to quarter troops here, establish hospitals, depots for provisions, etc., and convert the place into an armed encampment. From that time until the war closed, some portion of the army was constantly here, its invalid camp was never without occupants, nor its prisons without captives from the enemy. CHASTELLUX gives this general description of the place in 1780: “This town, in which there are not over fifty houses in the space of two miles, has been long the principal depot of the American army. It is there they have placed their magazines, their hospitals, their workshops, etc., but all these form a town by themselves, composed of handsome large barracks, built of wood, at the foot of the mountains; for the Americans, like the Romans in many respects, have hardly any other winter quarters than wooden towns or barricaded camps, which may be compared to the *hiemalia* of the Romans.”

The barracks and workshops of the army were situated

about half a mile south of the village, and extended along the line of the road to the foot of the mountains. Nothing remains, we believe, to show their actual location; nor any indications of the structures, described by the writer just quoted, composing the invalid camp, of which he says: "The houses were made of logs and were erected by the soldiers. To this place the troops, however healthy and fit for service, were sent when they became destitute of clothing. They remained at the barracks as long as they had rags which could be patched into a covering, but when they became naked they were sent into this hiding place." This was during the period of the greatest destitution in the army, the winter of 1779-80, when Valley Forge was the abiding place of famine, and the frozen ground was tracked with the blood of frozen feet. Can we wonder that these men sometimes rebelled? Their patriotism was put to a severe test, indeed. Hundreds died here from the effects of exposure, and their bones yet moulder in the grounds which were set apart for their interment, at the foot of the mountains.

The Convention and the Committee of Safety, while here, held their sessions in the Reformed Dutch church, which was subsequently used for various purposes and not unfrequently as a prison. The Episcopal church was for a time the hospital, and the building which is known as the Wharton house, was occupied as the general quarters of the officers. At a later period, Baron STEUBEN and his Aids were occupants of the Verplanck house, and other private residences were taken for public use, either wholly or in part.

Fleeing from New York before the incoming army of England, came hither, in 1776, a considerable number of persons known as refugees,—some of them in all the destitution of hasty flight, all of them compromised by the part they had taken in the rebellion. Among the number were SAMUEL LOUDON and JOHN BAILEY. LOUDON was the whig printer of New York, and brought with him his press and types and resumed the publication of his paper, which, until that time,

had been called *The New York Packet*, but which title he then changed to *The Fishkill Packet*. This paper was the official organ of the whigs—their only paper—a dingy production of four pages eight by ten inches. It was by him also, and at Fishkill, that the first constitution of the State was printed. His paper was continued here until the close of the war. In the number for October 14, 1777, he explains why Fishkill and Poughkeepsie escaped the torch of the invading expedition under Vaughan and Wallace. General PUTNAM, who was on the east side of the river, prevented, by the British fleet, from crossing to the relief of the Highland forts, concentrated his forces at Fishkill and moved north in company with the marauding fleet, effectually covering the villages exposed. On the west side, CLINTON'S forces were demoralized, and before they could be rallied, Kingston was burned. But, let us return from our digression: JOHN BAILEY was a cutler. He had supplied arms to the whigs, in New York, and at Fishkill again set up his forge. One of his swords—that which he made for WASHINGTON—is now preserved in a glass case, in the National Museum. It bears the inscription: J. Bailey, Fishkill.

The village has its ideal as well as its actual revolutionary associations. It is the scene of many of the thrilling events portrayed in the *Spy*, one of Cooper's first novels, and the publication of which was the dawn of American literature. Appearing simultaneously with Scott's *Antiquary*, and Lockhart's *Valerius*, the *Spy* eclipsed them both by having a larger circulation than they together had, even in England, and was honored with translation into the written dialects of Europe, and into some of those of Asia. Harvey Birch, the hero of the novel, is represented as combining in his character, generosity, magnanimity and rare patriotism; yet as never being what he appeared. While he was full of caution, and fertile in all sorts of stratagem, he was above temptation.

However much of truth there may be in the incidents

related by Cooper, his characters were not without being. His Wharton's were no fiction, his Committee of Safety no mythical body of men, the Dutch church not less a positive existence than the rangers, or the Spy a tangible person. In a volume entitled *The Spy Unmasked*, written by Captain H. L. Barnum, ENOCH CROSBY is said to have been the original of Cooper's hero. The incidents in his life, as delineated in his memoirs,—his imprisonment in the Dutch church, his mock trial at the Wharton house, his escape from the church, his exploits on the neutral ground, his hut on the mountain side, from which a signal light could be seen at a certain point, known only to those in whose employ he acted, and his noble, generous, self-sacrificing character,—perhaps establishes the conclusion stated.

But Barnum's memoir,—although the fact is attested that such a man as ENOCH CROSBY lived and served in the army of the revolution,—is singularly defective in failing to identify other characters in Cooper's story. He had an opportunity which will never again occur; but he not only neglected to improve it, but threw his own ideals upon the scene, to an extent that made his book not less a novel than that of his great predecessor. If his story came from Mr. CROSBY himself, he must have been told the true name of Cooper's Mr. Wharton, and need not have left Captain Townsend and his rangers without identification; nay, he might have given us the name of the Dutch host of his hero. We may, perhaps, be able to throw light upon some of these points, in the course of our visit; but whether we do or not, the impress of the ideal will not be the less indelibly fixed upon them. We will examine, first, the Wharton house.



The Wharton House.

COOPER gives us, under the cognomen of Mr. WHARTON, the name of the occupant and owner, during the revolution, of what is known as THE WHARTON HOUSE. Who the actual person was, it is, perhaps, impossible to tell; but we apprehend that it was the Rev. CHAUNCEY GRAHAM; that the building was occupied by him, in part, with his family, and in part by an academy of which he was the principal, and



that, when it was taken for the public use, he was permitted to remain in possession of the wing on the left of the picture. At all events, the statement which we have recited is of official record; besides, Cooper's character

is more certainly that of a divine than a farmer, and is made especially so if we consider the fact established that his son was a lieutenant in the English service. However, this may be, the house became the Head-quarters of the army officers who were at different times located here; the place where the Committee, not of "Safety," but for "Enquiring into, Detecting and Defeating all Conspiracies" that might be formed "against the Liberties of the State," held its sessions, and in whose employ the Spy, Crosby, acted. This committee was appointed by the Provincial Convention, from its own members. JOHN JAY was its chairman for some time, and DUANE, DUER, and SACKETT, members, although it was not permanently so composed. The Committee of Safety

was an entirely different body, as will be shown hereafter.

The proceedings of the committee were secret. The suspected were either summoned or brought before them and examined, and discharged or confined as the evidence might justify. Among the papers in Head-quarters at Newburgh, are the minutes of the examination of BEVERLY ROBINSON, on the 22d of February, 1777. ROBINSON made no attempt to conceal his attachment to the king, but asked that he might not be compelled to abandon his property and remove to New York. He soon after took this step voluntarily. The committee was busily employed. Spies were constantly on the track of the disaffected, and when any secret assembly of tories was discovered, BELKNAP's (not "Townsend's") RANGERS were sent to capture them. Captain ISAAC BELKNAP, of Newburgh, from whom the Rangers took their name, was the commandant in most of these expeditions. Among his papers is preserved a roll of the members of the company and a diary account of some of its movements. In the latter is the following entry: "October 12, 1776—Received orders to march to Fishkill, to be under the direction of the Convention, until further orders." We may add, that as there was no other company of rangers in the service, it must be admitted that, if such an occurrence took place, it was "Captain ISAAC" who was tempted to slumber by the smiles and the brandy of Miss Charity. The story loses nothing by the identification.

But the building had other occupants. After the committee was disbanded and the army was established here, it was the general quarters of the officers. WASHINGTON had rooms here, when on temporary visits to the camp, and LAFAYETTE was for some time a resident. In regard to the latter, THACHER writes (Nov. 18th, 1778): "Rode to the village of Fishkill, and waited on Dr. John Cochran, who is now in close attendance on the Marquis de la Fayette, who is dangerously sick with a fever." But we need not give further details. Let us look at the revolutionary churches.

The Revolutionary Churches.

THE REFORMED DUTCH CHURCH EDIFICE was erected in 1731. At the time of the revolution, it was a quaint stone building, quadrangular in shape, with a roof rising from the four sides to the centre, surmounted by a cupola in which a bell was suspended and from the top of which a weather-cock veered with every wind. The windows were small and the glass set in iron sash-frames; above them were port-holes for light and ventilation, though perhaps originally designed for purposes of defense. Soon after the revolution it was



rebuilt and enlarged to nearly its present form. The interior has been remodeled two or three times, but the walls remain the same, and the general appearance has not been changed. The spire and the upper tier of windows are part of the modern additions. On the

opposite side of the road is the EPISCOPAL CHURCH. It was erected in 1760, and in form is about the same now as then. These two

buildings have a prominent place in the annals of the period of which we write.

When the Provincial Convention came here from White Plains, in August, 1776, the Episcopal church was unoccupied, and hence was selected as the place for holding its sessions; but on assembling there, the audience-room was found to be "foul with the dung of doves, and without seats, benches or other conveniences," and an adjournment was immediately made to the Dutch church, which henceforth became the place of meeting of the Convention and of the Committee of Safety, one of which bodies was constantly in session. It is said, that after the Convention removed to Kingston, the building was used as a prison, and that the Episcopal church was, in the meantime, converted into an hospital. There is no official record on the subject.

The first legislature of the State was called the Provincial Congress, but when the Continental Congress came into existence, the latter part of the title was changed to Convention, in order to avoid confusion. It was composed of delegates from the several counties of the Province, and commenced its sittings in New York, from whence it removed to Harlem, from thence to White Plains, from thence to Fishkill, and from thence to Kingston, from whence it again fled, on the approach of the English, and soon after found a resting place at Poughkeepsie. Its existence closed with the organization of the State government in January, 1778.

The Committee of Safety was what might now be called a "sub-committee of the whole." It was first composed of thirteen members, and was clothed with legislative power in any emergency that might arise during the recesses of the Convention. At the close of every session of the Convention a new committee was appointed, although generally composed mainly of the old members. ABRAHAM YATES, the president of the Convention, was the chairman of the committee, and every member of the Convention who saw fit to attend its sessions, had a voice in its deliberations.

The Convention had other committees, usually for secret service, one of which bore the title of "Committee to Detect and Defeat Conspiracies against the Liberties of the State," of which JOHN JAY was chairman; another was called the "Secret Committee to Obstruct the Navigation of Hudson's river." These committees were in frequent consultation with the Convention, or the Committee of Safety, at Fishkill.

The story of Harvey Birch's captivity and escape from the Dutch church, constitutes its ideal history. In prosecuting the duty with which he was charged, says the story, Birch discovered a band of tories, became one of their number, betrayed them, and was captured with them and marched to Fishkill. Here he was separated from his companions and confined in the church, heavily manacled; notwithstanding which, he found one of the upper windows unfastened, and, in the night, leaped from thence to the ground, sat down and removed his chains,—which of course he might have done before he jumped out,—and fled from the gathering sentinels to a friendly swamp, fifty bullets whistling about his path. The singular part of the story is, that Cooper launches his hero out of a port-hole not large enough for the passage of a child; while Barnum makes his hero jump from a window which had no existence until long after the last gun of the revolution had been fired. It certainly will not do to analyze the story too closely, for if we do we shall be apt to find ourselves saying of Harvey, with Miss Anne C. Lynch:

"I know not if thou e'er did'st live,
Save in the vivid thought
Of him who chronicled thy life,
With silent suffering fraught."

Let us rather cherish it for the interest which it imparts to these old walls, linking them to the literature of the world in tradition more pure than that which preserves Burns' Kirk Alloway from oblivion; more sacred, because of the struggle in which it had a part.

The Head-quarters of Baron Steuben.

THE Verplanck house, the HEAD-QUARTERS OF BARON STEUBEN at Fishkill, is in the Dutch style of architecture, built of stone, one and a half stories high, about fifty feet in length, with dormer windows. As it stood during the revolution,



before the addition was erected, it had broad, sheltering piazzas on the east and west fronts covered by a continuation of the house roof. It is situated about one and a half miles north of the Fishkill depot,

and about half a mile from the Hudson, to which the descent is by a winding path, along the bank of a babbling brook and through a primeval forest. The house is approached by an avenue from the main road on the east, and far and wide on either side of the broad fields are groups of fine old trees, which give it the appearance of an English park. Near the house is a garden of several acres, laid out in the geometric style, with box borders. It contains over two hundred different varieties of roses, single and double hollyhocks of every color, tulips, pœnies, carnations, and fragrant magnolias, with fruit trees and grape arbors. These are succeeded

by beds of vegetables, springing from a deep, rich alluvial soil. How impertinent would a heart or diamond-shaped bed of *Colens* appear, set in a closely shaven lawn, in the midst of this quaint and beautiful profusion of the olden time.

The ante-revolutionary history of the place is interesting. The colonial governor, Dongan, gave a license to Francis Rumbout and Gulian Verplanck to purchase land from the Indians, in pursuance of which, in 1682, they obtained a deed, from the sachem of the Wappingers and twenty-two principal men of the tribe, for seventy-six thousand acres of land, on the east side of the Hudson, extending from the south side of Matteawan creek to a point five hundred rods north of Wappinger's creek, and back into the woods "four hours' going," or sixteen miles. A patent was soon after issued, but Mr. Verplanck having died in the meantime, Stephanus Van Cortland was joined in it with Rumbout and Jacobus Kipp, as the representatives of the children of Mr. Verplanck. In the division of the estate, the homestead fell to the Verplanck heirs, and has, ever since, been in the family. It is about the only estate on the Hudson that remains in the name and family of the original grantees. Before the days of tariffs and adulterations were known, it is said that wheat was shipped from this place to France, and exchanged for pure wine, some of which might be found, even now, if a Knickerbocker taster of the olden time could get safely beyond "the Walton" and "Black Seal" stored away in the vaults of the old house.

Baron STEUBEN, the distinguished Prussian disciplinarian, made the Verplanck house his Head-quarters from the spring of 1782, until the army was disbanded at Newburgh, in the fall of the following year, and historians state that the Society of the Cincinnati was formed here. STEUBEN sprung from a noble family, and appears to have inherited a passion for military distinction from his ancestors, many of whom had acquired military fame. He, with five others, was selected by Frederick the Great, on account of their natural

ability, to receive from him personal instruction in the art of war. He soon rose to the rank of Quarter-master, and then Adjutant-general to the king. He served during the Seven Years' War in Germany, and was, near its close, taken prisoner by the Russians. The Grand Duke, afterwards Peter III, charmed with his military acquirements, used his utmost endeavors to persuade him, on the return of peace, to enter the Russian service. He subsequently became Grand-marshal of the court of the Prince of Hohenzollern Heekingen, and for ten years had supreme direction of his household and all court presentations.

Soon after the commencement of our revolution, through the advice and persuasion of St. Germain, the French Minister of War, STEUBEN determined to come to America, to form a regular army from raw troops, and introduce discipline, order and economy in our military affairs. FRANKLIN, who was then in Paris, gave him letters to WASHINGTON, SAMUEL ADAMS, and others. He sailed in September, 1777, and after a perilous voyage of sixty-six days, arrived at Portsmouth, N. H. His fame had preceded him, and over five thousand persons greeted him on his landing. He immediately wrote to Congress: "The honor of serving a nation, engaged in the noble enterprise of defending its rights and liberties, was the motive that brought me to this continent. I ask neither riches nor titles. I am come here from the remotest end of Germany, at my own expense, and have given up an honorable and lucrative rank. I have made no conditions with your deputies in France, nor shall I make any with you. My only ambition is to serve you as a volunteer, to deserve the confidence of your General-in-chief, and to follow him in all his operations, as I have done through seven campaigns with the King of Prussia."

Congress received him with every mark of attention, and requested him to repair to General WASHINGTON, then at Valley Forge. WASHINGTON went several miles to meet him on the road, and, on arriving in camp, offered him a guard

of honor, of twenty-five men. This he declined, saying that he wished to be considered a volunteer. At the request of WASHINGTON, he accepted the office of Inspector-general, temporarily, and immediately commenced drilling the troops. By a vote of Congress, he was appointed permanently, with the rank and pay of a Major-general. The improvement of the army in discipline was rapid, so much so as to compare favorably with that of the finest armies of Europe. At the battle of Monmouth he was on WASHINGTON's staff. HAMILTON was also serving in that position, and when LEE's forces were thrown into confusion, was sent to rally the men on the left. "I had never," he writes, "known or conceived the value of military discipline until that day."

Many anecdotes are related illustrating STEUBEN's temper, his coolness, his suavity, and his liberality. To repeat them would fill a volume. Frequently did he divide his last dollar with his men; and after the siege of Yorktown, so keenly did he feel the propriety of returning the entertainments which had been given by the French officers that he said to his Aids: "I can stand this no longer, we are continually dining with these people, and cannot give a piece of bread-crust in return; sell my silver-ware; they shall have one grand dinner, if I eat my soup with a wooden spoon hereafter." The silver was sold and the dinner was given. He won WASHINGTON's warmest approbation, and commanded the admiration and esteem of the entire nation.

After the war, Congress awarded him half-pay (\$2,500 per annum) for life. The State of New York granted him sixteen thousand acres of land on Oneida lake, whither he went and erected a log dwelling and engaged in farming. For some years he resided there, and there death came to him, in November, 1794. His neighbors, who all loved him, wrapped his military cloak around him and laid him under the beech trees of the forest; his wish fulfilled, that he might see a Republic established in America, and his name be enrolled among its defenders.

The Teller House—Brett's Mill.

THE TELLER HOUSE, as it is now called, was, while the Provincial government was here, the Head-quarters of ABRAHAM YATES, the president of the Convention. It was then the residence of Robert Brett, a son of the original proprietor, and, with the BRETT MILL, is identified with the military occupation of the place. The history of the property has been partially stated in connection with that of the Verplanck house. Francis Rumbout, one of the patentees with Verplanck, died in 1708, leaving his share in the patent to his only daughter, Catharine, then the wife of Roger Brett. This share extended from the Matteawan creek, along the Hudson to the Verplanck line, and thence back into the country, so as to contain about twenty-five hundred acres. Mrs. Brett, with her husband, took possession of the property soon after the death of her father, and subsequently became widely known, on account of the dignity of her person, and the great respect in which she was held by the early settlers, as Madam Brett. If not the first white woman who lived on Newburgh bay, she was certainly the first woman of influence and marked character, or holder of real estate. She found herself in the wilderness, the owner of a vast property, without money, and in this respect was like many noblemen of the mother country. She was, however, superior to them in being "master of the situation." To cut down the forest and cultivate the soil, was a slow and difficult process to secure a living. She therefore determined, by means of her credit, to call in the elements of nature to her aid. She was fortunate in having a waterfall on her land, beside which she could place the

most desirable of all conveniences in a new country, a grist mill. She borrowed \$2,000 of Capt. Glotob Shelley, of New York, an old friend of her father, to secure which, she and her husband gave their joint bond. With this money they built a stone cottage, near where the Newlin house now stands; induced a number of settlers to accompany them, and loaned them a portion of the money to aid them in establishing themselves in the wilderness, and with the remainder erected this mill—the first effort made, in this part of the world, to obtain aid from the elements in the course of civilization. Mill stones had previously been brought from Colen, in England, at a cost of \$400 per pair, but in this instance, they were probably obtained from Esopus, at one-fourth that price, as a quarry had, before that time, been discovered by the Huguenots who resided there. The water was taken by a race-way to the wheel, from the head of a foaming cascade, formed as the stream unites, after surrounding Fairy Isle, which is in full view of the house from the east, while on the other side, you look past the mill over the lowland and through the mouth of the creek, to the broad Hudson, and distant fields and mountains of Orange county. It is one of the most beautiful and romantic spots in Fishkill, and one which has always been a favorite study for artists. No picture drawn by Johnson of Rasselas, in the Happy Valley, will compare with the home of our new Eve, who was a helpmeet indeed to her husband, as they lived

“ In a plain, pleasant cottage conveniently neat,
With a mill and meadows—a freehold estate.”

The following spring, the Palatines, forty-one in number, settled at Newburgh, then called Quassaick by the Indians. The Lutheran clergyman who had them in charge, established the first church on the Bay, and there Madam Brett, with her husband and her children, sometimes worshipped, crossing the river in a canoe. The money borrowed from Capt. Shelley, fell due in 1713, and he having died in the meantime, they gave a mortgage on the estate, to his execu-

tors. The mortgage excepted, among other lands, 490 acres, belonging to John Terboss, John Burgs, Casper Prime, Peter De Boys and Yowreb Springstead, showing that there were then five additional families in the precinct. Madam Brett sold the mill the year after its erection, and then built this house, into which she moved. After a short time, she took back the mill and retained it till 1743. For many years, the inhabitants of Orange and southern Dutchess county, depended upon this mill for their flour, and during the revolution it was constantly running on flour for the army.

Madam Brett's mill was the central point where the roads from the interior converged on their way to the river. They ran to this place from Hackinsack, from Wappingers, and from Wiccopce, and were formed by grading, widening and bridging the Indian trails. The Indians, after the sale of their lands, retired beyond Fishkill plains, where they built a village of huts made of stakes overlaid with bark, and a castle consisting of a square surrounded with palisades. At the request of the chiefs, with whom she was a great favorite, Madam Brett often visited them in their village; and yet we find that she was sometimes troubled by them. Among the records at Albany is a petition from her, dated July 7, 1721, praying for protection against certain Indians who violently obstructed the surveyors in running the lines of her lands, and threatened her with bodily harm. Until they subsequently removed to the west, in 1756, the Indians were in the habit of coming down to the mill with corn, beans and pelteries, to exchange for meal.

Our heroine died in 1764, greatly beloved by all who knew her, and her numerous descendants now hold her name in reverence. As the founder of the first settlement in Fishkill, her name is identified with its history. She was buried in the family burying lot, near the old Dutch church, and when that edifice was rebuilt it was extended over her grave. The steeple which now rests upon it is a fitting monument to her memory. *

Fairy Isle—Washington Oaks.

FAIRY ISLE, of which we have spoken in connection with the Brett mill, was formed, in primeval times, by a deposit of soil from the mountains. The Matteawan creek lingers, as if in admiration of its beauty, as it approaches its borders, then separates and flows gently around its sides under the shade of its lofty, overhanging trees, kissing its mossy banks as it passes; and then, its waters renmiting, as if to atone for dalliance, rush on from rock to rock, with foam and spray, and far-echoing sound, to the Hudson.

"Thus deep and full, the waters glide
Around their Fairy Island,
Then gleaming down with snowy foam,
Enlivening all the Highland:
They sing a never-ending song
While flowing to the river,
Of mirth and music, grace and love,
To God, their bounteous Giver."

Here, as the Indian believed, a Manitou dwelt, and according to tradition, as we find it in the following extract from a manuscript poem, written by one of sainted memory, they often came to admire and worship:

"The red man knew thee long ago, when all
These hills and sunny slopes were dark with trees;
To him the music of thy wind-swept grove
Was the "Great Spirit" whispering in the breeze;
Thy murmuring water, as it rose and fell,
Bore on its waves, Manitou's powerful spell."

* * * * * *

"Here, too, the Indian maiden, blithe and free,
And graceful as a young and bending elm,
Wandered at sunset and paused long to hear,
With ear attentive, the full gushing song
Of wild wood robin in the tree-tops round;
Or bent delighted, o'er the quiet wave,

That mirror'd faithfully her dusky charms,
 And smoothed each wandering tress of raven hair,
 And wreathed it with red berries from the wood."

In after years an Archery Club, composed of young ladies, with appropriate and suggestive costume, practiced here with bow and arrow, at stated periods, during the summer months. With what effect, there are some now living in Fishkill can testify, and which may be imagined by carefully reading the closing lines of the following song, preserved in the sylvan annals of the Club, written by one who had experience on the subject:

"Haste! come haste to the Fairy Isle,
 Deep in the Highland shades,
 Where Matteawan's clear waters smile
 Around its verdant glades.
 Where, silvery-like, the gleaming spray
 Kisses the deep green shores,
 Then sings its sad and lingering lay,
 And onward dashing pours.

Haste! come haste to the Fairy Isle.
 The wild vines clamber high,
 Over the tall old trees that pile
 Their foliage to the sky.
 And, soft and sweet, the asphodel
 Comes breathing in the gale,
 Like balmy odors fanned to dwell
 In Cashmere's fragrant vale.

Haste! then haste to the Fairy Isle,
 The golden sun sinks low,
 And cool and deep the shadows, while
 We draw the springing bow,
 Then woe to him whose eyes shall see
 Us poise our swift-winged dart—
 For quick as lightning's flash shall flee
 That missile to his heart!"

At the mouth of the Matteawan creek, reaching into the river, is PRESQUE ISLE, almost an island, as its name indicates. It has long been considered, on account of the fertility of its soil, the beauty of its location, and the splendid old trees that surround it, as the gem of the Hudson. The Indian trail from the Housatonic to the Hudson, by way of Whaley's pond and the Matteawan stream, terminated here. The

early settlers of the country followed the same line of travel from the eastern to the middle States, and when the revolution broke out, it was adopted for the transportation of troops and munitions of war.

While at Newburgh and New Windsor, WASHINGTON was a frequent visitor at Fishkill. On the east side of the river he landed and embarked from the southwest part of Presque Isle. If his horse was not there, he remained under the shadows of the oaks until it was brought down, and on his return he signalled across the river for his barge, and there waited for its coming. To this fact these venerable trees are indebted for the name they now bear—THE WASHINGTON OAKS. One of them is twenty-three feet in circumference, standing in the shelving bank, which, with its huge roots, it protects from the dashing tide. Its trunk is deeply furrowed, covered with moss and lichens, each limb like an immense tree, and its top "bald with dry antiquity." The other is near, on the bank, with a trunk full of vigor and life, about eighteen feet in circumference, and stands like a column, with great limbs and wide-spreading branches, bidding defiance to time. A few years since, an oak of the same species, thirteen feet in circumference, was uprooted on the island by a violent gale, and Mr. William H. Denning had it sawn into logs, and, with a microscope, counted seven hundred and sixty-five rings, making its age that number of years. We may, therefore, conclude that the largest of the Washington Oaks is about twelve hundred, and the other a thousand years old. The Directors of the Boston, Hartford and Erie railroad, who have taken this point as their terminal depot on the Hudson, with a laudable regard for public sentiment have ordered that these trees be not only preserved, but protected from injury.

"What tales, if there were tongues in trees,
These grand old oaks could tell."

They would tell of the thoughts of WASHINGTON, as he lay under their broad-spreading shade; how he wondered whether

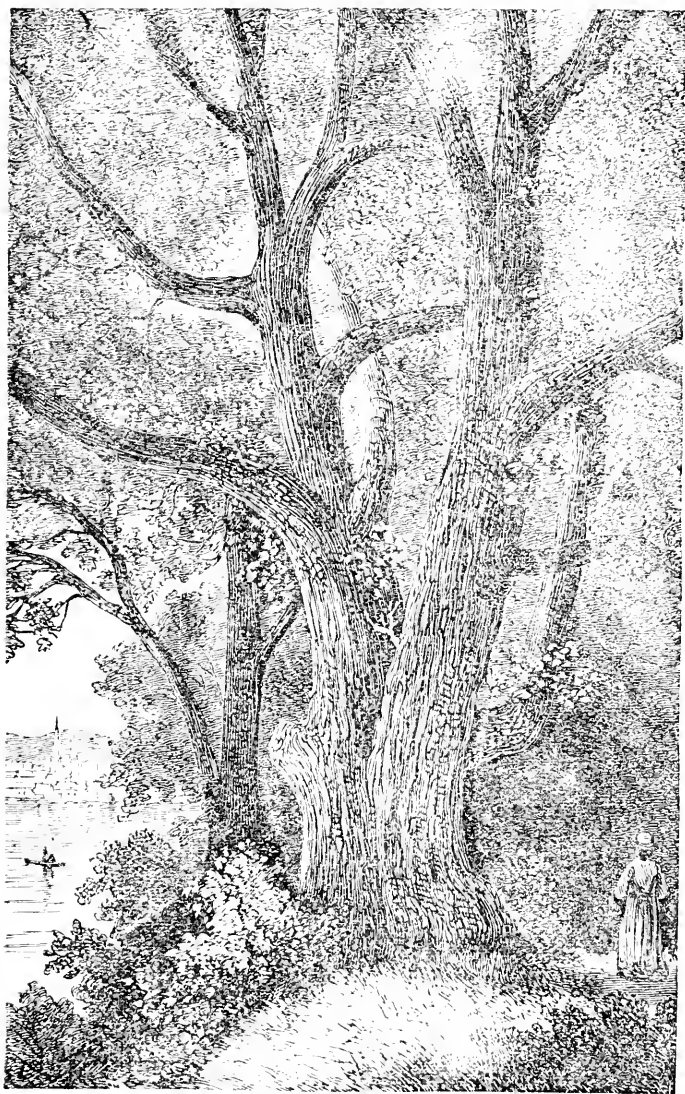
the acorn of liberty he was planting in a soil rich with the blood of patriots, would live and grow into a great republic, and endure the storms of passion and competition for a thousand years, or whether it would go down as other republics had done before, and whether these oaks, that witnessed its early history, would witness its decay and overthrow. They would tell of the Indian, who for centuries came and went, the same in his appearance and as unchanged in his character as the surrounding hills or the flowing stream. But they could not tell us of the times of Charlemagne and of the dark ages that followed, although born in his reign, and are as old as the one that bears his name in the garden of Fontainebleau, as the broad ocean had not at that time become a whispering gallery. Had these trees grown in the celebrated oak grove of Dodona, the priestesses who there delivered oracles to their Grecian followers, would have stood and worshipped under their overhanging boughs. Had they stood on the campagna of Rome, in its palmy days, their leaves would have formed the civic crown given to her celebrated men—as coming from

“Jove's own tree

That holds the woods in awful sovereignty.”

We would not worship them with Greek or Roman blindness, nor as the ancient Druid priests would have done; but we would have them ever stand to awaken a loftier patriotism in thousands of Americans who will yet daily pass by them, as they go from east to west and from west to east; we would have them ever remind the beholder of the love, devotion and patriotism of the father of our country.





WASHINGTON OAKS.

The Hudson—The Highlands.

IF we arranged our sketches in the order of historic connection, the Hudson river and the Highlands would have constituted the first, rather than the third, division of our theme, for to their strategic importance we owe the gathering here of the armies of the revolution, and nearly all that links the localities we have visited with the struggle for national independence.

The story of the Hudson, though old, is always interesting. Sitting on the old piazza at Head-quarters, or on one of the many attached to the private residences which are here thrown into the landscape like spots of sunlight, and taking into our view the broad bay, the fertile fields, the growing villages, the lofty mountains, we realize the force of the comparison made by Curtis, of the Hudson with the Rhine: "The Hudson is larger and grander. It is not to be devoured in detail. No region without association, is, except by science. But its spacious and stately character, its varied and magnificent outline, from the Palisades to the Catskills, are as epical as the loveliness of the Rhine is lyrical. The Hudson implies a continent behind. For vineyards it has forests. For a belt of water, a majestic stream. For graceful and grain-goldened heights, it has imposing mountains. There is no littleness about the Hudson, but there is in the Rhine. Here everything is boldly touched. What lucid and penetrant lights! What broad and sober shadows! The river moistens the feet, and the clouds anoint the heads, of regal hills. The Danube has, in parts, glimpses of such grandeur. The Elbe has sometimes such delicately-penciled effects. But no European river is so lordly in its bearings.

none flows in such state to the sea. Of all our rivers that I know, the Hudson, with this grandeur, has the most exquisite episodes. Its morning and evening reaches are like the lakes of dreams;" and find ourselves saying with Willis, who, looking out from his rest at Idlewild, wrote: "These mountains, associated as they are with the history of our country in its struggles for freedom; rising within the range of civilization, and forming a part of our daily enjoyment, have a decided influence upon the character of those who live near them. Such persons become more identified with their home surroundings, and even amid the mountainous regions of foreign climes, however celebrated for their sublimity and beauty, are not affected as powerfully as by their own native hills. They ever repeat—

‘My heart’s in the Highlands,
My heart is not here!’

It was On the Heights that Auerbach took his heroine, the fair Irma, not only to restore, but to transform her into an angel of truth, light and beauty. Of all Ruskin's works, none are more elevating, nor have any added more to his world-wide renown, than the volume of *Mountain Beauty*. The gifted Margaret Fuller, whose memory is so revered by her many friends, writes from Fishkill, where she passed the fall of 1844: ‘In the country behind us, are mountain-paths and lonely glens, with gurgling streams and many-voiced waterfalls. And over all are spread the gorgeous hues of autumn. From the brain of the purple mountain, flows forth cheer to my somewhat weary mind. I feel refreshed amid these bolder shapes of nature. More gentle and winning landscapes are not enough. How I wish my birth had been cast among the sources of the stream where the voice of hidden torrents is heard by night, and the eagle soars, and thunders resound in prolonged peals, and wide blue shadows fall like brooding wings across the valley! Amid such scenes I expand and feel at home. * * * The boldness, sweetness and variety here are just what I like. I could

pass the autumn in watching the exquisite change of light and shade on the heights.' This majestic, this calm splendor, could not but exhilarate the mind and make it nobly free and plastic. The crystal springs that burst from these mountain sides; their peaks, which catch the morning sun and hold its departing rays; the sacred memories which cluster around them—are to the noble, the generous, and the good who live under their influence, types and blessings, for in the words of inspiration, 'The mountains shall bring peace to my people, and the little hills righteousness.'

—' Oh, ye everlasting hills—
Buildings of God, not made with hands,
Whose word performs whate'er he wills;
Whose word, tho' ye should perish, stands.' "

The river takes its name from Henry Hudson, its discoverer in 1609. He was in search of a north-west passage to the Indies,—for long years a dream of the Old World,—and



while sailing under the auspices of the Dutch West India Company, entered what is now the harbor of New York, and from thence explored the river as far north as Albany, receiving, as he passed its headlands, the homage of the Indians, and impressed with visions of primi-

eval beauty and grandeur such as he had never before conceived. The forests were clothed in their richest autumnal verdure, the mountain peaks glistened with what to him appeared like mineral wealth, the land was "as beautiful as one can tread upon." Need we wonder that he wrote, "the

Great River of the Mountains"? From the 15th to the 29th of September, with his crew of twenty men, and his vessel (the Half Moon) of twenty tons burthen, he was engaged in his explorations, made friendly alliances with some of the Indians, killed others, then returned to England, and from thence again sailed to discover the supposed Ocean pathway. It was his last voyage. While locked up in the ice in Hudson's bay, destitute of bread, there was a mutiny among his men. The mutineers seized him and his son and seven others, and forcing them into an open shallop, without food, left them to perish. The waves that beat on the shore of the bay of which he was the first explorer, and the ebb and flow of "the river of the mountains," of which he was the first discoverer, will forever proclaim his name, tell of his bold adventures, and sing a requiem to his memory.

The simple narrative of Hudson's discovery, is atoned for by Washington Irving, who, in his Knickerbocker History of New York, states, on the testimony of Peter Vanderdonk, and the experience of Rip Van Winkle, that Hudson, with his crew, visits the Catskills once every twenty years, and that at such times the smoke and sparks emitted from their pipes appear like clouds illumined by flashes of lightning, floating along the sides of the mountains, while the rolling of their nine-pins sound like the reverberations of thunder. As further evidence upon this intensely interesting subject, Professor Ingraham relates, that in the month of August, 1829, he encountered on a projecting rock from the side of Bull hill, in the Highlands, a remarkable figure in Dutch costume, and whom he describes with great particularity in his Legend of the Hudson Highlands. The strange personage claimed to be Hendrick Hudson, and uttered among other things, the following words, which were taken down at the time: "Dunder and blicksens! Ven I vaked dese echoesh de first time, two hundred and venty year ago, mit de kuns ov Halle Moone, more nor ten tousand eaglish vas scared vrom der kliffs. Dere ish only one left now. Dis gab vas

not here den Heider. Dat great rock dare," pointing to Kelpie Rock in Kelpie Cove, "vas dare on dis kliff vare we stand." He related various other particulars connected with the former condition of the mountains and of the deep pools imbedded therein, and of the lost spirits imprisoned there; how they were watched over, and of their changed condition, which until then had only been guessed at, but never known by mortals. By the time his story was told he was enveloped in the smoke of his pipe (of the days of Peter the Headstrong) from the top of his high-perched hat to the bottom of his Flemish boots; and when the smoke was carried off by a gust of wind which appeared to come from the rock, the spirit had fled. The story of the ghost secures additional confirmation from the fact that the time and place of Hudson's birth is wrapped in mystery, while the time and place of his horrible death is undiscovered and unknown. The legend of the Hudson Highlands, as related first by Hendrick Hudson, is recorded by Professor Ingraham, and referred to by Diederick Knickerbocker in his History of New York, and by the poet Drake in The Culprit Fay. As the story goes, there was a deep lake completely shut in by the Highlands below Storm King and Bull hill, which were then joined together and constituted one range. This was the prison house of evil demons, who were to remain here till this new world became the inheritance of the children of the old; but they having rebelled at this decree, were shut up in the Palisades and in the south side of Storm King. They have no power of utterance, except as they repeat sounds heard on earth. Thus through the wall of their prison house you can hear the reverberation of thunder and the echo of human voices. These demons were thrust into their dungeon through a crevice into which was poured an igneous rock, melted in the lower regions and supposed to be impervious. In 1867 some daring experimenters formed a plan to take out this rock, remelt it and prepare it to hold *spirits* of another but not less destructive nature. It

was found, however, to be too strongly impregnated with sulphur from below for manufacturing purposes, and too suggestive to be agreeable. When the demons were imprisoned the titans, gnomes, kelpies, giants, orgies and other superhuman beings were permitted to remain among the rocks about West Point and old Cro'nest. They were malevolent in their nature and hated mankind, ever seeking their destruction. They had a tradition which ran thus:

“Orgies, giants, kelpies, gnomes!
Fly, fly your ancient homes!
When an elf shall thrice defend
A maid 'gainst whom ye all contend—
Then, then, your power shall end.”

On the mountain opposite where these evil genii dwelt, the queen of fairies held her elfin court, always ready to protect mortals. She had a favorite page called Erlin, who, while on an errand for his queen, saw a white sail enter the Highlands below Peekskill. Curiosity led the young page to drop unseen upon its canvas, when a beautiful woman, Hudson's daughter, appeared on the deck. Charmed by her beauty he overstaid his time, and while returning was delayed still further by hearing an uproar in the cliff of a rock, the council-chamber of the evil genii. He passed noiselessly into a nook in the cave, and there heard them plot the destruction of the vessel which they had seen approaching. They determined to lift her out of the water and dash her against the rocks, or raise a storm in which she might be wrecked, or else crush her by hurling down up-rooted trees and immense rocks. A gnome, of enormous size, who lived in a cave beneath Kosciusko's garden, was to commence the work of destruction as the Half Moon came into view the next morning rounding the headland of West Point. The council having broken up, Erlin escaped to his home, inventing a lie to excuse his delay. With the morning light he was off on his daily errands. Being a good spirit he had the power of counteracting the schemes of the enemies of mankind, and in this case he determined to do so at all

hazards for the love he bore to the beautiful maiden. He therefore perched himself, with his white wings transparent as light, on the sails of the vessel, so that the gnomes and other evil beings could not lift her out of the water. Thus baffled, they conjured up a storm; but notwithstanding the violent wind and dashing waves she sailed on as usual. Then they pulled up enormous trees and rocks and hurled them down from the mountain; but Erlin flew from one to the other, and they fell at once short of their mark. Then came the fulfillment of the tradition, for "amid loud bellowings and wailings" the monsters were hurled back by an invisible power, into the dark chambers of Storm King, where they remain to this day. The storms which gather and break upon its summit and often dash down its ribbed sides to the valley below; the gust of winds that often strike the thoughtless mariner as he passes its base, as also the startling echo which breaks from the perpendicular wall on its south face, may be attributed to the almost smothered power of the caged monsters. Erlin had violated his vows by falling in love with a mortal.

"He had dared to love an earthly maid,
And left her for his woodland shade."

The genii proclaimed it as they were departing from earth, and he was arraigned in the Elfin Court.

"Fairy, Fairy! list and mark!
Thou hast broke thine elfin charm;
Thy flame wood lamp is quenched and dark,
And thy wings are dyed with a deadly stain;
Thou hast sullied thine elfin purity
In the glance of a mortal maiden's eye."

After a fair trial, he was condemned to vast labors and the performance of various tasks and penances, before he could be restored, an account of which is given by Drake in his inimitable poem, *The Culprit Fay*. These having been done, "all the shadowy tribes of air" were called upon to

—————"Hail the wanderer again
With dance and song and lute and lyre;
Pure his wings and strong his chain,
And doubly bright his fairy fire."

The fairies still held court in their ancient dwelling place, and all lovers, and those who are pure in heart, can hear the fluttering of their wings and see the dancing of their white feet on the waters when

“The moon looks down on old Cro’nest,
And melloes the shades on his shaggy breast.”

From these ideal pictures let us return to the actual. The Hudson takes its rise in the Adirondacks, about 4,000 feet above the level of the sea. Its connection with the commerce of the Provinces, at the time of the revolution, made the control of its navigation of the highest importance to the English, as well as to the Americans. It was literally “the key to the continent,” and called out for its conquest the finest armies of England. The Highlands, which form so conspicuous a feature in its topography and so deeply interesting a chapter in the history of the struggle for independence, are a part of the Appalachian or Alleghanian chain extending from Maine to Georgia. They are called the Blue Ridge when they pass through Pennsylvania and Virginia. A spur puts off from them in Pennsylvania and forms the Shawangunk and Catskill range; then dropping into the Helderberg hills, rises again to its former height in the wide-spreading Adirondacks. The main ridge passes through New Jersey, crosses the Hudson obliquely, and forms the Highlands and Fishkill mountains; then drops into the Berkshire hills and rises again into the Green mountains of Vermont. The crystal springs that burst from their sides form streams and rivers in their longitudinal valleys which escape through gorges to the sea. Their climbing peaks and beautiful valleys, found as they are in the southern, middle, northern and eastern States, with every modification of temperature, with every variety of soil, and with every form of beauty in the shrubs, trees and flowers which spring from their sides, have awakened universal admiration; but the Highlands and the valley of the Hudson admitted to be the crowning glory of them all. Irvi.

speaking of the Highlands, in his Knickerbocker, says : " Here it would seem that the gigantic Titans had erst waged their impious war with heaven, piling up cliffs on cliffs and hurling vast masses of rock in wild confusion." Campbell, in his Gertrude of Wyoming, speaks of numerous sparkling lakes in the Alleghanies, but Lyell, who examined that part of the range, says that " such characteristics of the scenery are as pure inventions of the poet's imagination as the flamingoes, palms and aloes with which he adorned the banks of the Susquehanna." In the Highland lakes between West Point and the Clove, the poet's vision, when he saw " lake upon lake interminably gleam," is almost realized, as also in the cultivated gardens and green-houses on the banks of the Hudson, where flamingoes, palms and aloes are found in rare perfection.

These mountains were called Kittateny by the Algonquin Indians, a name signifying endless hills or a succession of hills ; but that part of the range which crosses the Hudson has been known by its present name since its discovery. The most prominent of the Highland peaks are Storm King and Cro'nest, the western pillars, and Break-neck and Bull hill, or Mount Taurus, the eastern pillars, of the grand gateway of the Hudson, while the north and south Beacons stand as outposts to guard the approaches. Storm King,—originally called, by the Dutch, Botaberg, and from that transformed into Butter hill by the mischievous pen of Irving,—received its present name from Willis, for the reason that the gathering of a cloud-cap on its summit is a certain indication of an approaching storm. Cro'nest, fourteen hundred and twenty-eight feet high, was once the balcony from which the crows, like rooks from the castle tower, came out every morning, spreading far and wide over the surrounding country, returning at set of sun to chatter about their day's exploits. Break-neck, to which the Indian maiden went, day after day, to watch for the coming of her pale-faced lover, who crossed the big water promising to return after four

moons, with wampum and beads for his mistress; but he was faithless, and she, despairing, finally plunged from this rock, which will ever stand as a memorial of her and her fate. Bull hill, or Mount Taurus, is so called from its resemblance to the head and neck of an animal worshipped of old, and finally exalted into a constellation in the heavens, which now keeps watch over its namesake on earth. The twin Beacons take their name from the fact that, during the revolution, preconcerted signal lights on their summits conveyed intelligence of the movements of the enemy.

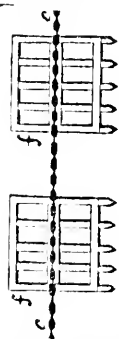
In the valley between Storm King and Cro'nest, a stream dashes down to the Hudson, forming dark pools among the over-hanging rocks and trees, along which, and the mountain side, is an easy ascent to the summit. On the north side of the mountain is the tory cave of which Barnum tells a story in his *Spy Unmasked*. A crystal lake lies between Bull hill and Break-neck, which, with its surrounding beauties, richly repays the visitor. On the east side of the Beacons is Wicope pass, where, during the revolution, military works were erected and cannon planted to guard the valley road leading from Fishkill. The north Beacon (1471 feet high) may be reached by way of Matteawan, and the south Beacon (1685 feet high) by the way of Tioronda. They both command very extensive views. On a clear day parts of seven States may be seen from the south Beacon.

As early as July, 1775, the British ministry, in arranging their plan for the suppression of the rebellion, determined "to command the Hudson with a number of small men of war and cutters, and maintain a safe intercourse and correspondence between Quebec, Albany and New York, and thus afford the finest opportunity to their soldiery, and the Canadians in conjunction with the Indians, to make continual incursions into Massachusetts, and divide the Provincial forces, so as to render it easy for the British army at Boston to defeat them and break the spirits of the Massachusetts people, desolate their country and compel an absolute sub-

jection to Great Britain." To counteract this plan of operations, the Continental Congress, in May of the same year, at the suggestion of the Convention of New York, resolved, "that a post be taken in the Highlands, on each side of Hudson's river, and batteries erected, and that experienced persons be immediately sent to examine said river in order to discover where it will be most advisable and proper to obstruct the navigation."

During the succeeding fall, forts Clinton and Montgomery were built, under the supervision of the Convention of New York, and in June following the same body appointed a secret committee "to devise and carry into execution such measures as to them shall appear most effectual for obstructing the channel or annoying the enemy's ships in their passage up the river." This it was finally determined to do by means of armed men, forts, fire-ships, booms, chains, and chevaux-de-frise. The fire-ships, or rafts, were constructed at a great expense and brought into somewhat effective requisition on one occasion near fort Washington, but were subsequently abandoned as impracticable.

The first of the obstructions in the Highlands extended from the foot of the rock on which fort Montgomery was built to the base of St. Anthony's Nose. They were completed in the fall of 1776. The chain with the side fastenings was 1800 feet in length. It was floated upon logs about sixteen feet long, framed together with cross ties and anchored at short distances from each other. To these frames the chain was firmly fastened, and the shore ends secured to docks with heavy tackle. A considerable portion of the chain was brought down from Ticonderoga, where it had been designed to obstruct the river Sorrel. The remainder was manufactured at Poughkeepsie. It broke twice from defective links, and was strengthened and completed with anchors and cables made at New Windsor by Mr. MACHIN,



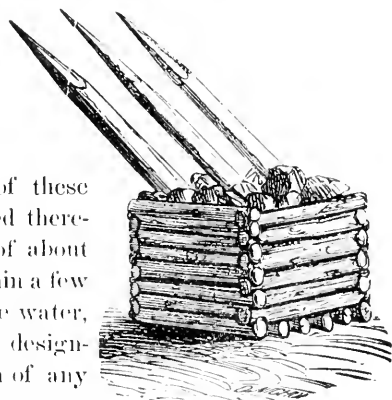
under the supervision of Governor CLINTON. It was composed of links made of iron two-and-a-half inches square and two feet long. In front of the chain and along its whole length were anchored at regular intervals booms made of logs firmly bound together to receive the first shock of the vessels that might come upon it. At each end of the chain were ground batteries for its defense, and above it were two armed frigates, two galleys and an armed sloop. After the British captured the forts they removed the chain and sent it to England, from whence it was sent to Gibraltar and became part of the obstructions to the Straits.

The obstruction which was extended from Pallopel's island to Plum point, was suggested by General JAMES CLINTON and consisted of cribs, or square frames of timber, filled with stone and sunk at intervals across the channel, a distance of about fifty-three chains.

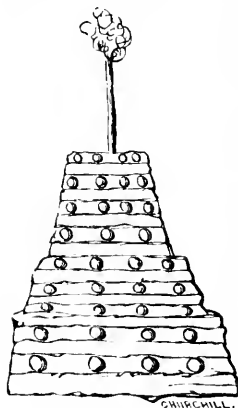
From the top of each of these cribs and firmly imbedded therein, came up at an angle of about forty-five degrees, to within a few feet of the surface of the water, spears pointed with iron designed to pierce the bottom of any vessel that might come upon them.

The work was completed in the fall of 1777, at New Windsor, under the superintendence of Capt. THOMAS MACHIN, the Engineer employed by the Province of New York. Five hundred men were detached to assist him, and three hundred axes were obtained, some by purchase and some by impressment, where there was more than one in a family. A part of one of the spears of this obstruction was recovered from the river, a few years ago, and is now in Head-quarters.

A part of the plan of defense was a system of Beacons



and Signals, established in accordance with a resolution of Congress, to convey intelligence of the movements of the enemy and to call out the militia. They consisted of flags and alarm cannon by day, and of beacon-fires and alarm cannon by night. The flags and fires were placed on the mountain tops, and the cannon discharged at the fortified points. The system extended originally from the Neversink hills to the Highlands and from thence to New England, but subsequently ran from the frontier posts in Westchester county and were more local in their purpose. The beacon-



pyres were pyramidal in form, made of logs filled in with brush and inflammable materials, and carried to a height of thirty feet. The signal beacon for this district was on Storm King. When it was lighted it was immediately responded to by those on the Fishkill mountains, and by similar pyres on the Marlboro' mountains. They were anxiously watched, and as their glare lighted up the sky the militia hastened to their places of rendezvous. That the alarms were frequent is shown by the reports

of the officers of the militia, Col. HASBROUCK reporting twelve alarms in less than five months, at which his regiment was on duty. It was not a post of ease that these Highland warriors held in their watch and ward of the trust which was committed to their keeping.

"The Highland passes," says Irving, "were always objects of anxious thought to WASHINGTON;" hence we find him writing, in May, 1777, "the imperfect state of the fortifications at fort Montgomery gives me great uneasiness." They were soon after visited by Generals KNOX and GREENE, in company with Governor CLINTON and Generals McDONALD and WAYNE, who recommended the completion of the forts and the obstructions, and also the erection of fort Constitution

on Constitution island and of fort Independence at Peekskill. These being finished, General PUTNAM was placed in command with a large part of the New York and New England troops, not only to guard the Hudson, but to have the army in such a position between the eastern and middle States that they could be brought into requisition at either point in case of an attack.

Scarcely had this disposition of forces been made when BURGOYNE swept down from Canada with his splendid army, and the campaign for the possession of the Hudson opened. To aid in the movement, HOWE threatened an attack on Philadelphia, by way of Delaware river, and thus forced WASHINGTON to draw men from the Highlands until only fifteen hundred remained. About the 20th of September, while HOWE was marching into Philadelphia, and BURGOYNE had reached Saratoga, over three thousand British soldiers arrived in New York, and there joined the armament of Sir HENRY CLINTON, then in waiting, and in a few days started to force their way up the Hudson.

General PUTNAM, who was stationed at Peekskill, was at once advised of the sailing of the ships of war, and called in troops from Fishkill and the surrounding country. The British first landed at Tarrytown, and after marching a few miles into the country, returned to their ships and sailed as far up as Verplanck's Point, and there landed their men and threatened an attack on Peekskill. Genl. PUTNAM retired to the hills and prepared for a vigorous defense. Sir HENRY CLINTON, in accordance with his previous design, immediately crossed the river to Stony Point, with the greater part of his forces, and made a forced march around the western base of the Dunderberg, through a pass which WASHINGTON had pointed out, but which GREENE and KNOX thought inaccessible. Here he divided his forces, sending one detachment to storm fort Montgomery, then under command of Governor CLINTON, and the other to storm fort Clinton, then in command of General JAMES CLINTON. The forts were principally garri-

soned by militia, about six hundred in number, who had been called in by the beacons and signals. They made a short, but most heroic defense, and then received the order to find safety in flight. A considerable number surrendered as prisoners, but the largest portion escaped over the ramparts and were lost to the enemy amid the darkness, the trees and the rocks. Governor CLINTON leaped down the rocks to the river, crossed it in a small boat and went to PUTNAM's camp. General JAMES CLINTON, saved from a deadly thrust of the bayonet by an orderly book, with a flesh wound in his thigh, escaped into the woods after slipping down a steep bank over one hundred feet in height.

As soon as the forts were taken, the armed vessels, stationed to protect the chain and boom, endeavored to escape, but finding it impossible, on account of adverse winds, were set on fire by the crews. The flames soon reached the loaded cannon, which gave out thundering reports, and finally the magazines, and amid "magnificent pyramids of fire," a tremendous explosion shook the hills and all again was wrapped in darkness. In the morning the enemy removed the obstructions, and passed on up the river. Governor CLINTON and his brother, JAMES, reached the Square in Little Britain rallied there their broken troops, and then followed the enemy's fleet as far as Kingston. PUTNAM, after leaving part of his troops at Peekskill, moved to the mountain passes to protect Fishkill, and from thence north covering the east side of the river. The fleet experienced little difficulty in passing the obstructions at Pallopel's island. Sending their boats out they soon found the passage which had been left open, and moved on, hurling shot and shell to the exposed dwellings on either shore, sending the inhabitants to their cellars and the woods for safety. Reaching Kingston, they burned that village, and on the opposite side of the river destroyed the Livingston manor-house and the residence of General MONTGOMERY, hoping to close their desolating expedition by joining BURGONYE at Albany, and thus establish their contemplated

line of communication between New York and Canada, by way of the Hudson and the St. Lawrence.

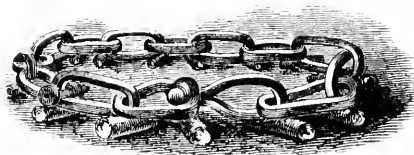
The cause of the colonists seemed hopelessly lost ; gloom hung its heavy clouds over their hopes ; the defenses which had cost them so much money and sacrifice, had proved of no avail. We must recognize this great depression if we would realize the joy and thanksgiving which burst forth when couriers from the north brought tidings of the capture of BURGOTNE and his army, and *SAVED* seemed written on the cloud-crests, and on the peaks of the mountains,—yea, on every throbbing patriot heart. Soon after, the enemy's fleet returned to New York from its mauling expedition, destroying in its way the Highland forts.

WASHINGTON was now more fully aroused than before to the importance of thoroughly fortifying the Highlands. On the 2d of December, as soon as he heard of the British fleet, he wrote a letter to General GATES, another to Governor CLINTON, and a third to General PUTNAM, urging the building of the necessary works and obstructions. In his letter to PUTNAM he says: "The importance of the Hudson river in the present contest, and the necessity of defending it, are subjects which have been so frequently and fully discussed, and are so well understood, that it is unnecessary to enlarge upon them. These facts at once appear, when it is considered that it runs through a whole State, that it is the only passage by which the enemy from New York or any part of our coast can ever hope to co-operate with an army from Canada, that the possession of it is indispensably essential to preserve the communication between the eastern, middle and southern States; further that upon its security, in a great measure depends our chief supplies of flour for the subsistence of such forces as we may have occasion for, in the course of the war, either in the eastern or northern departments or in the country lying high up on the west side of it. These facts are familiar to all ; they are familiar to you ; I therefore request you, in the most urgent terms, to turn your

most serious and active attention to this infinitely important object. Seize the present opportunity, and employ your whole force and all the means in your power for erecting and completing, as far as it shall be possible, such works and obstructions as shall be necessary to defend the river against any future attempts of the enemy. You will consult Governor Clinton, Gen. Parsons, and the French engineer, Col. Radière, upon the occasion. By gaining the passage you know the enemy have already laid waste and destroyed all the mills, houses and towns accessible to them. Unless proper measures be taken to prevent them, they will renew their ravages in the spring, or as soon as the season will admit, and perhaps Albany, the only town in the State of any importance remaining in our hands, may undergo a like fate, and a general havoc and devastation take place. To prevent these evils, therefore, I shall expect you will exert every nerve, and employ your whole force in future, while and whenever it is practicable, in constructing and forwarding the proper works and means of defense. The troops must not be kept out on command and acting in detachments to cover the country below, which is a consideration infinitely less important and interesting."

Governor CLINTON recommended that a strong fortress should be erected at West Point. General PUTNAM was placed in charge, assisted by Colonel RADIÈRE. The works proceeded so slowly that the people clamored at the delay and called for the removal of those in charge. General McDONALD succeeded General PUTNAM, and KOSCIUSKO, Colonel RADIÈRE. The works now proceeded with vigor. The new works of defense and obstruction were similar to those which had been destroyed, but the location was better chosen. The chain was extended from the foot of fort Clinton to the landing on Constitution island, now the dock of Mr. Warner. About the first of May, 1778, it was carried over, firmly fastened by staples to logs 16 feet in length pointed at the ends and placed a short distance from each other. The links

were made at the Sterling Iron Works, and taken to the forge, at New Windsor, of Captain Machin, and then joined

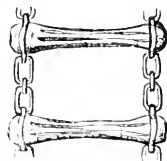


together and floated down to West Point.

A portion of the chain is preserved at West Point. The boom was made of

logs fifteen feet in length, twelve inches in diameter, rounded at the ends, and clasped in the centre in the form of an octagon, and extended across the river in front of the chain to receive the first shock of an approaching vessel. The logs were connected by a heavy band of iron around each end to which was united two links of chain each about eighteen inches in length, made of two inch bar iron.

Two of these logs, with their chains and bands, were drawn up from the river bottom by Bishop's derrick, in 1855, and are now among the relics at Head-quarters, where it has served to illustrate the precise character of the obstructions and their great strength. When these works were completed, the obstructions at Pallopel's island were repaired, the shore batteries mounted, and the loss which the enemy had inflicted fully replaced.



Fort Clinton was erected on a cliff one hundred and eighty feet above the river on the east side of the present parade ground. A part of its walls remain. It was large enough to shelter six hundred men, and was only accessible at one point from the river, which was securely defended by palisades. It was the principal fort on the Point, and bore the baptismal name of fort Arnold. Its out-works were fort Putnam, on Mount Independence, and forts Webb and Wyllys near by; indeed, on every eminence in the neighborhood were batteries forming a chain of redoubts to the river. Fort Putnam is the most complete in its ruins, presenting walls

and casemates in a considerable state of perfection, though not as they existed during the revolution, the works having been repaired and altered during the war of 1812. On the opposite shore was fort Constitution, with its north and middle redoubts, and the south battery on Sugar Loaf mountain. West Point thus became the strongest military post in America. Nor was it left again unguarded; it was well garrisoned by veteran troops, and the principal part of the patriot army was encamped in its vicinity.

Oppressors rely upon their numbers, their weapons, and their armaments; mountains, those natural fortresses, have ever been the defense, the asylum, and the stronghold of the oppressed. It was so in Scotland, in Switzerland, in Greece, and in America. The British armament in vain attempted to ascend the river; in vain the officers attempted to divert WASHINGTON'S attention from its protection. Could it be retained and communication be kept open between the eastern and middle States, sooner or later America must triumph. The Highlands with their defenses defied the arms and strategy of Britain, but they came near being lost through the influence of her gold and the treason of Arnold. The terrible consequences that came near resulting from this treason, however, caused the criminal to be considered as the prince of traitors, and the providential manner by which his infamous plan was defeated, has ever shown that the hour of our extremity was God's opportunity.

The story of West Point need not be repeated here, but a passing notice of its history may not properly be omitted. In ancient Dutch days it was known as *The Martelaer's Rack*, or *Martyr's Reach*. The Dutch navigators divided the river into reaches, to which they gave descriptive names. They found here a rocky point nearly at right angles with the current, and, when sailing with a fair west wind, found, on passing it, the wind "dead ahead," compelling them to beat and struggle with it. Hence the name *Martelaer*, signifying contending or struggling. The tradition which converts the

name into deeds of violence, on the part of the Indians, is entirely worthless. The land was originally patented to one Congreve, but remained unimproved until taken into possession by State and Continental authority, as has been already stated. The United States purchased the property in 1790, on the recommendation of General HAMILTON, for the purpose of establishing a military post. Four years previous thereto General KNOX, while Secretary of War, had reported that this point was of decisive importance to the defense of the Hudson river for the following reasons:

“*First.* The distance across the river is only about fourteen hundred feet, a less distance by far than at any other point.

“*Second.* The peculiar bend or turn of the river forming almost a re-entering angle.

“*Third.* The high banks on both sides of the river being favorable to the construction of formidable batteries.

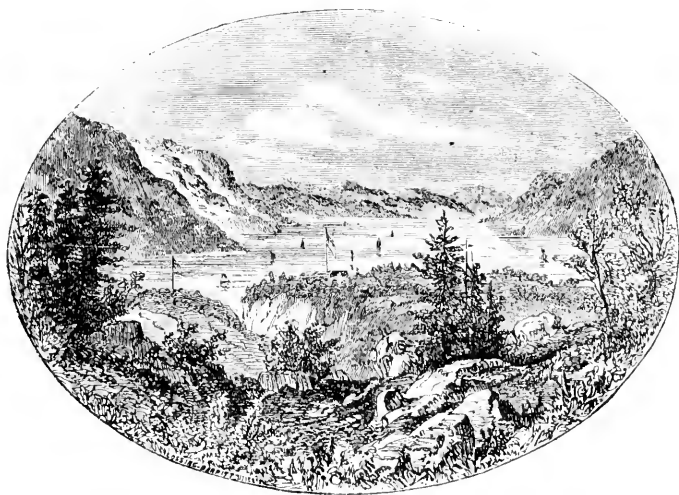
“*Fourth.* The demonstrated practicability of fixing across the river a chain or chains at a spot where vessels in turning the Point invariably lose their rapidity, and of course, their force, by which a chain at any other point of the river would be liable to be broken.”

During the English and French war, and during the revolution, all parties considered the passage of the river through the Highlands, of which West Point was the gateway, of more strategic importance than any other part of America. In July, 1779, General WASHINGTON transferred his headquarters to this place, and remained here till November 28th of the same year, giving his personal attention to the completion of the military works, at which over twenty-five hundred men were on fatigue duty daily.

The works were improved and finished under the immediate superintendence of THADDEUS KOSCIUSKO, to whose memory a monument was erected on the spot to which he often resorted for contemplation, and which has ever since been called Kosciusko's Garden. The troops, while performing

their labor on these works, often suffered for want of food. A letter from Kosciusko to Major-general McDougal, is in existence, in which he says: "*The carpenters complained about the provisions that he have not enof: he beg your honor to allow them more bread.*" West Point was now considered the American Gibraltar, and impregnable to a force of twenty thousand. For three years the army had labored to complete the works, at a cost to the government of \$3,000,000.

The Military Academy was established here in 1802. For a number of years after the revolution the works were suffered to decay, and a vandal owner upon whose land fort Putnam was situated, was permitted to dismantle it in a great measure. When the war of 1812 came on, the works were repaired and again put in a complete state of defense, fortunately without any necessity involving their use. They were subsequently dismantled, and now present in their ruins only the evidence of their written history.



View from Fort Montgomery.

Constitution Island.

ONE can scarcely regard his visit at West Point complete if in his rambles he fails to visit the sites of the original forts Montgomery and Clinton, lake Sinsapink into which the British threw our dead, and many other points of interest to which the local guides will conduct him; and especially if he fails to pass over to CONSTITUTION ISLAND. It lies directly opposite the Point; is about two miles in circumference, half a mile in width from north to south, and rises by bold and precipitous rocky banks to the height of about one hundred and thirty feet. It was known as Martelaer's Rack Island, up to the time of the revolution; but after the erection of fort Constitution, it was called by the name which it now bears. It is now the place of residence of H. W. Warner, Esq., and his two accomplished daughters, so well known to the literary world. We well remember our first visit to this charming spot. We had been rowed down from Cornwall landing, close under the shadow of the Highlands, while the sun still glittered midway on the river. The mountains, "with their stern grey heights," towered above us, while beneath our bark, deep down at their base, the ocean ebbed and flowed. After passing Cold Spring, we shot over to the precipitous cliff on the opposite side of the cove and rounded the island, soon coming to a little pier with a landing and a shelter for boats. A foot-path, amid shrubs and beds of flowers set in a closely shaven lawn, led up to a quaint country-place, sheltered with vines, appropriately called Wood Crag, where the *ravelins* of the fort were formerly placed. The kitchen part of the building was made from a portion of the old barracks. We were shown into a cozy

room, facing the south, from which, looking past West Point, you could follow the thread of the river far down among the hills. The books, the pictures (one of which was a portrait of WASHINGTON, by Stuart), the old-fashioned furniture, the portable writing desk on a small table, with pen, ink-stand and a half-closed portfolio, containing unfinished manuscript, indicated literary taste, cultivation, and daily use. The father and eldest daughter soon came in from the garden to greet us. The afternoon was charming and we were tempted to walk out and clamber up the rocks which overhang the ruins of the old fort and command a view of West Point.

In answer to inquiry, Mr. Warner informed me that the *Wide, Wide World* had been written at the little desk I had seen in the library, and that when it was finished he took it to several publishers in the city, all of whom declined to bring it out, as the authoress was unknown as a writer, and that the market was flooded with novels. Finally, Mr. Putnam consented to take the manuscript home and submit it to his wife. She, soon after, took it up and was so charmed with its truthful delineations of country life and its high moral tone, that she urged her husband to venture on its publication. At first it attracted no attention in this country, but in England, as an American novel, it met with a limited sale. After some months, one newspaper gave it a favorable notice, and then another and another, until the press everywhere became loud in its praise. Over three hundred thousand copies were soon sold. Twenty-three different editions were printed in England alone. This book had a greater run than any American novel ever had, except *Uncle Tom's Cabin*.

Upon our return to the cottage we were welcomed by the younger sister, who evidently had busied herself during our absence in the preparation of a tempting repast: delicious fruit, delicate biscuit, and refreshing tea was served in China of the quaint willow pattern. From the cottage we passed over to the Point. As we ascended the hill to the plain, we

heard the band playing for evening parade. Carriages rolled over the hard graveled roads, and groups of youth and beauty in gay summer costumes were forming under the shady trees. The cadets, in their gray clothes, white gloves, and white pantaloons, and glittering bayonets, went through their regular exercise. Soon the sunset gun echoed among the mountains, the American flag was lowered from the flag-staff and the living throng passed away. The scenes at the cottage on the island, and the story of the Wide, Wide World, remained in memory, and we all spoke of the wonderful power of the retiring authoress, who had awakened on both continents the admiration and respect of more than a million of readers, and of the quiet but enduring effect of such fame and influence compared with the transient nature of the fashionable and military display we had witnessed.

—At this point we pause in our historic circle, for, although there are many places of interest below, they do not fall within the limits of Newburgh bay and the surroundings of the Head-quarters of WASHINGTON.



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